Collier's

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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August 3, 1940

THE PATRIOTIC MURDERS

A NEW NOVEL BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

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PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN
MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

AUG, 3, 1940

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SCHENLEY "SWALLOWS" SING:

"Why Journey To Some Polar Spot? Sip Melded Coolers When It's Hot!"

When heat-waves hit, chart your mid-summer course for an ice-bound, arctic highball . . . en-"light"-ened by SCHENLEY light blended Black Label or Red Label. Both are unexcelled because we "meld"...SCHENLEY'S improved and exclusive blending method that creates better spirits by permitting their weight reduction without flavor destruction. Why not . . . buy the best?

Better Taste

SCHENLEY *Light Blended* WHISKIES

SCHENLEY Black Label, 65% grain neutral spirits. SCHENLEY Red Label, 72½% grain neutral spirits. Both Blended Whiskey and 90 Proof. Copr. 1940, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.

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"Boys, in 1 minute through that door will come our new star salesman—"

JUST when we had got to thinking our sales were doing extra all right, J.P., the sales manager, whammed home the old body punch at the first-of-the-month meeting.

"Boys," he said, "in just one minute, through that door will come our new star salesman . . . and I expect every man to cooperate with him to the fullest."

No kiddin', a pin dropping would have sounded like an exploding bombshell. Jim Smith looked at me, I stared at Ed Johnson. What was going on? Who was this newcomer? What kind of a bird would he be? Who was going to be "fired"? J.P. sure had us in a dither—and I mean dither!

And then, through the door staggered the office boy carrying a tray as big as a cart wheel. On top of it stood twelve big, gleaming bottles of Listerine Antiseptic.

J.P. grabbed the nearest one off the tray and slammed it down on the desk.

"Here he is," he bellowed, "and none of you guys had better laugh, either. For a long time I've noticed that some of you men—and I'm not mentioning any names, all too frequently have a breath that would knock a cow down. It all adds up to this: *If I've noticed it, customers must have noticed it, too.* And that's bound to be bad for business. After coming up against a case of halitosis a couple of times, a customer is entitled to close the door on you—*for keeps.*"

We all stirred uneasily.

"From now on," J.P. continued, "this is an order; take a swig of Listerine Antiseptic every morning before you hit the street. Get that? Not now and then after a big night . . . but *every* morning. Step up, gentlemen, and get your bottle."

Maybe J.P. was right, and maybe it's only coincidence, but I'm doggoned if the sales for the next six months weren't better, in spite of a lot of tricky stuff from our competitors.

How's *Your* Breath?

In business, it's just common sense to take precautions that your breath doesn't offend. Odor seldom gets an order . . . often loses one.

More and more smart salesmen recognize this and start the business day with Listerine. Notable for its antiseptic and deodorant power, Listerine renders the breath sweeter, fresher, purer.

Why not get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic yourself? It makes your mouth feel so wonderfully fresh and clean. The moment Listerine enters the oral cavity, it begins to halt the fermentation of tiny food particles which, some authorities say, is the principal cause of bad breath, then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic handy at home and in the office, and tuck a bottle in your bag when you travel. Rinse the mouth with it before every business and social engagement. It really pays! Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE

BEFORE BUSINESS AND SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS

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AUGUST 3, 1940

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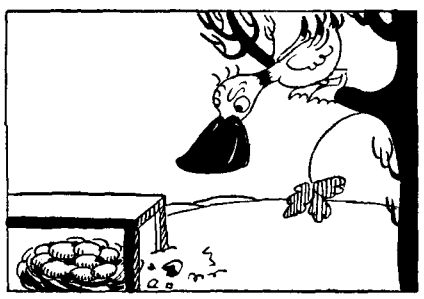
ANY WEEK

IF YOU insist on reading a parable into this report from Mr. S. Dillon Ripley, the relentless aviculturist and escapist, there's nothing we can do about it. However, we hastened to do so, being somewhat low in the mind as the result of the floods of political oratory that have flowed over us lately. From his farm in Litchfield, Connecticut, Mr. Ripley writes that his favorite wood duck has been hopefully sitting on a setting (or whatever it is with wood ducks) of seven eggs. A wood duck must sit on eggs twenty-eight days if her object is more wood ducks. So she sat there twenty-seven of the twenty-eight when suddenly one of the eggs exploded. Mr. Ripley, hovering near by encouraging the creature in the final hours of her devotions, says that the odor emanating from the overwrought egg was memorable. The wood duck arose unsteadily, managed to make a near-by tree from where she eyed the remaining eggs with angry suspicion. And then came the part that seems to us to carry a nice broad political hint. Her head cleared, the wood duck flew back to the nest and proceeded to kick therefrom the remaining six eggs. Mr. Ripley seems to think this remarkable. We don't. We think that the honest creature had read all about what the Republicans had prescribed as being necessary in Washington if this country is to continue to be a country and that she was merely setting a good example for them—which nobody, including the Republicans, has any intention of emulating.



WE'VE been visited by a gentleman from Helena, Montana—Mr. Charles Wesley Grabbock. Mr. Grabbock too had been taking the convention oratory on the chin. But he's a practical fellow, thinking of taxes and similar catastrophes. "Understand," said Mr. Grabbock, "I'm practically rabid about free speech—in favor of it. But this country needs dough for bombs and similar entertainment for visiting totalitarian firemen. Therefore, why not impose a microphone tax upon political orators this fall. Let's not weasel. Say five cents for every word of ballyhoo entering the mike. And just to encourage the boys to spend, let's show listener patriotism by writing them fan letters exhorting them to louder and longer speeches. There'd be a lot of battleships in it, my friend."

RAMBLING around as we do, we hear a great many things that don't help much. But every now and then we pick up a grain of comfort. For example, we've been talking to a gentleman, part of whose job it is to play poker with legislators and be careful to lose. Sometimes he finds losing a far from simple matter especially when he's holding a full house against two pairs in the hand of a lawmaker whose vote this gentleman's employer needs. We got somewhat stuffy about it, telling him that it was a pretty commentary on Democracy. "Don't be silly," said he properly enough. "If we had one of these Fascist setups we'd lose our dough without sitting in and get nothing for it."

AND WE are trying hard to understand the panic of Mrs. Lulu H. Truance of Buffalo, New York, although it's asking a lot. Mrs. Truance says that she awoke "trembling all over" and that it was noon before she had recovered her composure. "I dreamed that I had been invited to the wedding of Miss Dorothy Thompson and Walter Winchell. It was to be broadcast—responses and all—with Father Coughlin performing the ceremony. But it wasn't that, terrific as it would be, that frightened me. I found myself thinking of the ensuing children."

IN A recent editorial we let go with this: "This is a hot spot we're on. But we've been on hotter ones in our time as a nation, and we've always worked off them." Our editorial writer was speaking of Europe's war and the kettle of fish the United States is floundering in as a result. Mr. James Lowell of Houston, Texas, read that sentiment several times, thought that it sounded familiar, and then wrote us a very few pointed words, to wit: "All you guys need to go with that," says he, "is an umbrella."

ANOTHER warlike note was detected in Hollywood, California, by one of our more reliable agents. Mr. W. C. Fields who, as far as we're concerned, is the greatest comedian in the world, was discussing universal military service with his director, Mr. Eddie Cline. Both Mr. Fields and Mr. Cline were as one in favor of it, Mr. Fields waxing so enthusiastic that he said that it didn't go far enough, that it ought to be compulsory. Mr. Cline declared that he'd lose no time in recruiting a regiment of fat men, training them to fight sidewise. Mr. Fields' enthusiasm became almost unbridled, volunteering at once and dragging in Andy Devine, weight 255. Whereat the question of a proper drill grounds was raised but soon disposed of by Mr. Fields who offered the spacious lawns around his home. These lawns are bordered and otherwise made beautiful by huge trees closely spaced and grouped. But Mr. Cline doubted there'd be room for the trees too and said there was nothing to do but cut them down. "Like hell we'll cut them down," roared Mr. Fields. "Where would we practice hiding?"

AND ALL this talk of universal military training and service, while it has his approval, lacks "at least one vital element" in the mind of Mr. Theodore B. Vansleever of Jacksonville, Florida. "The harshness of unrelieved military life," thinks he, "tends to brutalize. Cannot at least one hour of each day's training be given over to song? Brave men go into battle shoulder to shoulder, under their beloved banners, with their bugles and drums electrifying their souls, with songs on their lips. This is the American way. Let us write our congressmen and the gallant heads of our Army to write into the law that an hour a day be devoted by our soldier sons to mass singing. On Sundays let their mass songs, a million strong, be broadcast to the mothers, fathers, wives, children and sweethearts of the land. Thus we who must be brave at home will know that there is no fear, but a song, in the hearts of our boys."

THERE ARE still optimists here and there. For example, Mr. Wendt Borjers of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has twenty dollars he'd like to bet with any of you that America will still be functioning in her customary happy-go-lucky fashion no matter what happens in Europe or who wins the election this fall. Faced with a vast array of smoke-filled candidates to choose from, Mr. Borjers proposes to vote for them according to their wealth and not their avowed principles. If a guy's safely solvent, says he, he is apt to give the voter a better break than he who "spends half his time trying to legislate your bank roll out of existence and the other half trying to get it into his own pocket. But either way," concludes Mr. Borjers, "this country will go rolling along, sometimes in the wrong direction and sometimes in the right but God help the guy who gets in the way."

AND IF that isn't enough to keep you busy, you might work on a question tossed this way by Mr. Quinn McGale of Richmond, Virginia. "Is there any reason," he asks, "why so much of what happens here is so damned unnecessary?"

WHEN? W. D.

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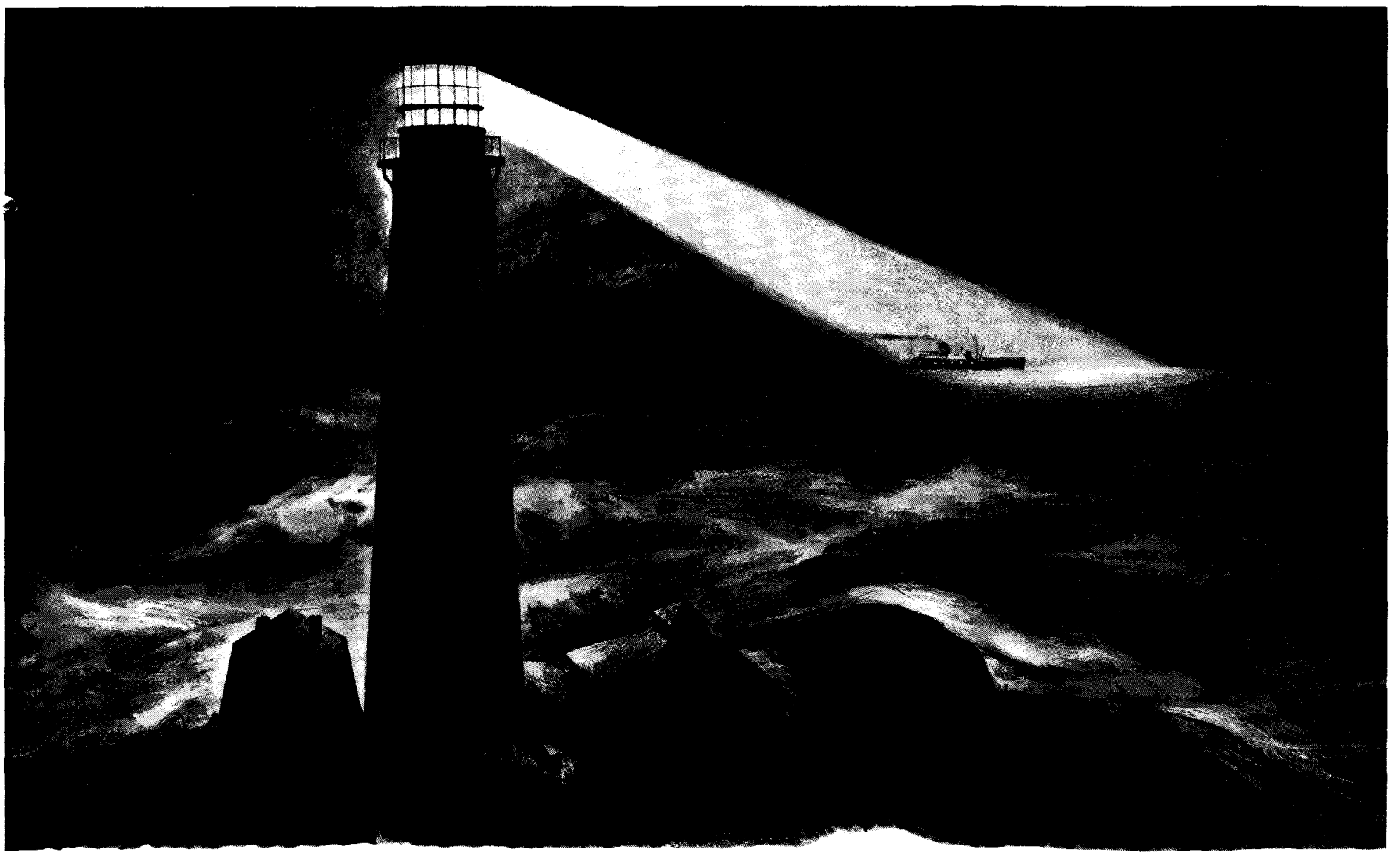


"Montauk Light....Take your Bearings!"

Six hours to Fire Island Lightship . . . two more to Ambrose . . . New York by daybreak. . . .

BLACK NIGHT on black water, but up and down the coast there is shipping as usual. Confidently they move through the darkness—schooners, tramps and luxury liners all running on schedule—because the lighthouse throws its faithful, friendly beam far out to sea.

Take your bearings from the light!

Out on the dark waters of tire-buying, where prices are almost as many and as uneven as the waves of the sea, where you can get lost in a fog of misinformation, where you may head for a bargain and find yourself on the rocks, you need a guiding light.

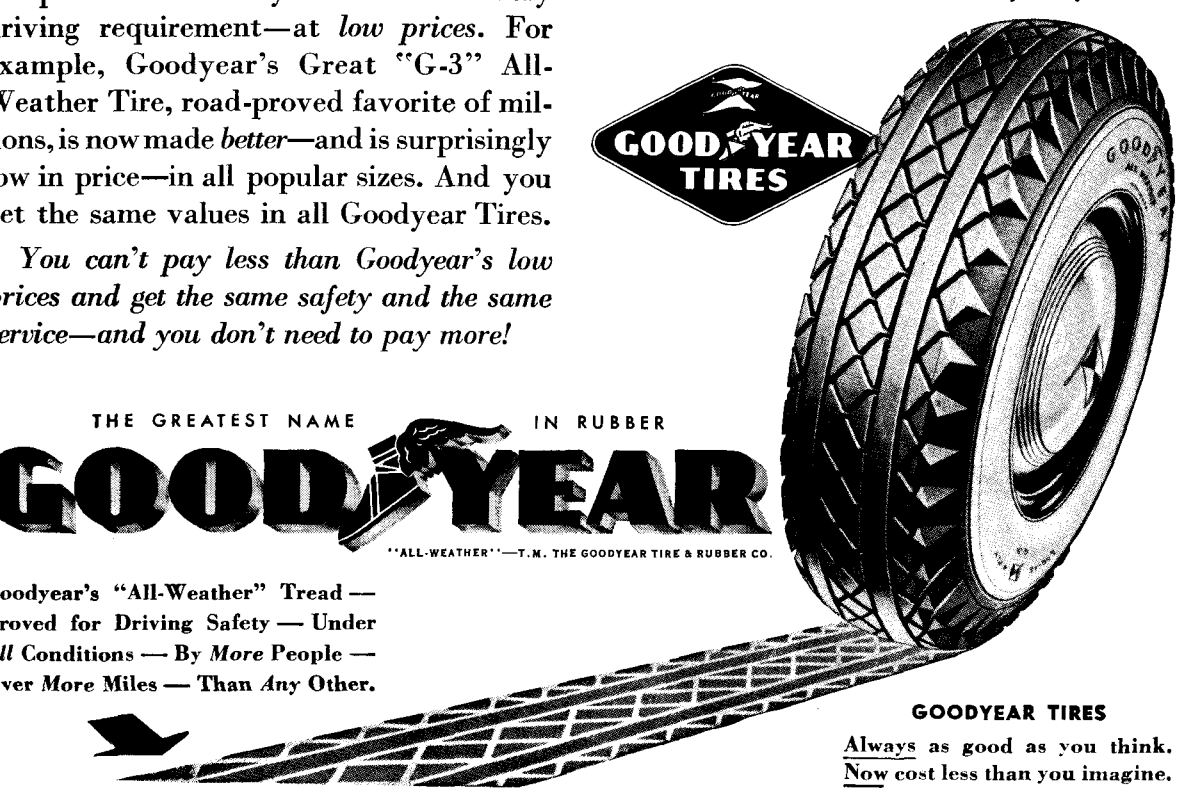
And here it is!

Before you buy tires, find out *who* made them, *how long* they have been making tires, *how many* tires they have made, and *how those tires have performed in service.* Find out what their production facilities are for making *quality* tires to sell at *low prices.*

The experience gained in making more than 300 million tires now brings you a complete line of Goodyear Tires—for every driving requirement—at *low prices.* For example, Goodyear's Great "G-3" All-Weather Tire, road-proved favorite of millions, is now made *better*—and is surprisingly low in price—in all popular sizes. And you get the same values in all Goodyear Tires.

You can't pay less than Goodyear's low prices and get the same safety and the same service—and you don't need to pay more!

Today, as for 25 years, it is still true: More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind. Are you one of them?
Ask your nearby Goodyear Dealer about his "90-10" Offer and his Easy-Pay Plan.



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Now cost less than you imagine.

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GO TO THE MAN
WHO KNOWS SHOES BEST...
Your Florsheim Dealer

Shoes are more than foot coverings; they require the knowledge and skill of an expert fitter. That's why we say go to your *FLORSHEIM DEALER, the man who knows shoes best.* He has made a lifetime study of foot needs, and knows that FLORSHEIM SHOES are designed and built to give you perfect satisfaction. Visit your FLORSHEIM DEALER; his kind of service goes hand-in-hand with Florsheim quality.

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Your Florsheim dealer is now showing the finest Florsheim styles in our history—new Fall browns; mellow hand-stained finishes; leathers, lasts and patterns exclusive from tip to top-lift. Whether you're a campus-bound Freshman or a class of '24—Florsheim has designed *the* shoe for you this season.

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The GARFIELD

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

More than 2,500 of America's 12,000 race horses are handicapped by defective vision, usually nearsightedness in varying degrees in each eye, which not only produces a tendency to run to one side but also causes undue nervousness. Often these defects can be corrected, if the animal is under a year old.—*By Dr. Ernest E. Emons, Miami, Florida.*

If the present production rate of copper is continued, more of this metal will be mined and smelted in the next six years than was produced in the entire history of the world before 1900.—*By T. B. Jefferson, Kansas City, Missouri.*

Racing shells in intercollegiate regattas cost as much as $1,200 and are rarely used by a varsity crew for more than one season. After this short service, they are passed on to other crews in the college.

The only bottles of Scotch whisky whose labels carry the age of the product are those imported into the United States. Most exporters include this information because it reduces the duty imposed on liquor thus guaranteed to be four or more years old.

By installing a new bandit-barrier system in its banking department, the Illinois state treasury in Springfield has reduced the annual cost of its holdup insurance from $10,000 to $6,000.

The world's first dental college, dental society and dental journal were founded in the United States one hundred years ago and we have since led all other nations in the quantity and quality of dental work. Yet not more than a quarter of our people visit a dentist regularly.

Expert restorers of oil paintings sometimes transfer a famous picture from its rotting canvas or boards to a new canvas. In this delicate operation, a strong paper or muslin adhesive, pasted over the front, holds the paint while the old backing is removed and the new one put in place.

When Panama seceded from Colombia in 1903 and became an independent republic, it "moved" from one continent to another. Subsequent maps showed the boundary between North and South America at the eastern end of Panama instead of the western, which put Panama in Central America, or the extreme southern part of the North American continent.

Only five times in its history has the United States government formally declared war on foreign countries—on England in 1812, Mexico in 1846, Spain in 1898 and Germany and Austria in 1917.

In New York State, a man who has been illegally detained in prison may sue those responsible for his detention. Not long ago, an ex-convict was awarded a $7,500 verdict against two former members of the parole board who kept him in prison three years after a writ of *habeas corpus* for his release had been signed.

The albatross, largest of the sea birds, sometimes attains a wingspread of seventeen feet and is so powerfully built that it often flies for days without alighting. At other times, the bird so gorges itself with food and becomes so "overloaded" that it cannot lift its weight into the air.

When a bottle of wine is very old and its cork, therefore, is likely to crumble and drop into the liquid, connoisseurs and wine stewards have been known to remove the neck of the bottle, below the cork, by cutting through it with a pair of red-hot tongs.

Human skin is sometimes so sensitive that it becomes painfully inflamed upon exposure to daylight. People so afflicted must live in darkened rooms and remain indoors until nightfall.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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IS AN OLD STORY FOR SUN-BONNETS

...BUT

IT'S A NEW ONE FOR MOTOR OIL

For generations the sun-bonnet has insulated many a pretty face against the hot rays of the sun.

Today Texaco engineers have *insulated* Havoline Motor Oil to withstand the heat of the modern precision-built faster running engine—heat that causes ordinary oils to break down and form harmful varnish.

And there's another reason why your car needs Insulated Havoline Motor Oil. Havoline is distilled. Harmful carbon and sludge-forming impurities are removed, keeps your engine clean and running smoother.

For safety, economy and sweeter performance, change to Insulated Havoline today. No finer oil at any price. At all Texaco and other good dealers everywhere.

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU TO tune in the TEXACO STAR THEATRE—Starring Kenny Baker and Frances Langford—Every Wednesday Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.

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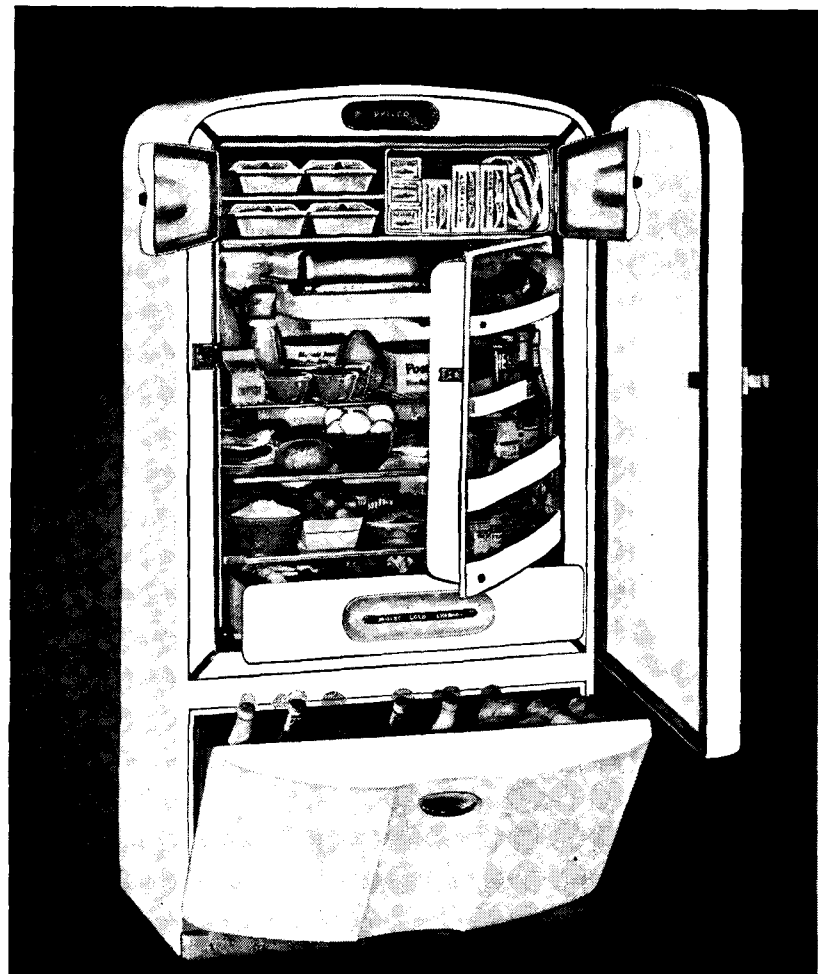

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GIVES YOU A

NEW KIND OF REFRIGERATOR

that has every service you need for purity, freshness, flavor and healthful preservation of your foods

You have a separate space for frozen storage in this giant-size **FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENT** *. . . a huge, spacious chamber* in addition *to the over-size ice cube chamber. Plenty of room for packaged Frozen Foods, for ice cream, for delicious frozen desserts to delight your family and friends—for all modern frozen storage uses.*

Your perishable foods, like milk, butter, bacon, berries are safe in this **DRY COLD COMPARTMENT.** *These foods and many others must have cold of low moisture content to preserve their purity. That's why Philco gives you this separate, complete Dry Cold compartment.*

You don't need covers to keep foods fresh and wholesome for long periods in this **MOIST COLD COMPARTMENT.** *The newly-invented Philco refrigerated Freshener Shelf cools foods by direct contact, preserves the taste, color and juices of cooked and uncooked foods . . . without the bother of covers.*

The foods you use most often are always at your finger tips in this shelf-lined inner door, the **CONSERVADOR.** *No cluttered shelves, no crowding in front, no wasted areas in back. Keeps cold air in and warm air out of main compartment . . . cuts down electric bills.*

LOOK at this amazing *new kind* of refrigerator, created by Philco! A sensationally *different* refrigerator, unlike any you have ever seen. It gives you every feature you need to preserve the purity, freshness, taste and healthful condition of foods. It brings you brand-new services, conveniences and economies you have never enjoyed before . . . and cannot enjoy today in *any* other refrigerator.

You *need* a new kind of refrigerator to keep pace with your new kitchen ways. Not a refrigerator that is merely "last year's" old ideas made over to look new, but one designed from the ground up to meet modern kitchen demands. You buy new kinds of foods today and you prepare them in more tempting, delicious ways. More and more, you save through quantity buying. Often you buy foods in new form, like packaged frozen foods. These new foods of today create new needs that only a *new kind* of refrigerator can fill.

That's why Philco invented this *Advanced Design* refrigerator that brings you new and better ways to store and preserve all kinds of foods, fresh, frozen or cooked, in all their original purity, flavor and wholesomeness . . . and in any quantities you require. And it serves you more *completely* than any refrigerator has ever attempted before. Remember . . . with all its new ideas, new conveniences and economies, new Advanced Design, a Philco Refrigerator costs you no more than one of ordinary design.

See your Philco dealer today and investigate the 14 new gleaming models. Among them, you'll find just the one to suit your needs and purse.

From $119.95 to $257.50

F. O. B. FACTORY

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YOURS ON EASIEST MONTHLY TERMS

Only the PHILCO Refrigerator HAS THE CONSERVADOR *plus* DRY, MOIST AND FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENTS

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The Patriotic Murders

By Agatha Christie

Hercule Poirot begins investigation of a mystery that has no meaning—until a succession of murders reveals its close connection with the history of our times

MR. MORLEY was not in the best of tempers at breakfast.

He complained of the bacon; there was no need, he said, even if it was rationed, that it should be unfit to eat. He demanded acidly if it was necessary for the coffee to have the appearance of liquid mud, and added that if this was butter he'd rather eat margarine and have done with it!

Mr. Morley was a small man with a decided jaw and a pugnacious chin. His sister, who kept house for him, was a large woman rather like a female grenadier.

She eyed her brother thoughtfully and asked whether the bath water had been cold again.

Rather grudgingly, Mr. Morley said it had not.

He glanced at the paper and remarked that as usual there was no news. What we ought to have done was to have bombed Berlin right away at the very start of the war.

Miss Morley, who spent much of her life listening to one person or another laying down the law on "what we ought to have done," murmured soothingly: "I expect they know best, dear."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Morley who, like many small men, was bloodthirsty in speech and kindly in action. "We're soft, that's what it is. All these leaflets they drop. High explosive and incendiary bombs—that's what they need."

Miss Morley's parrot hereupon took occasion to remark conversationally: "That old man Hitler *is* a nasty man!"

"Who taught the bird that?" demanded Mr. Morley.

"Cook, I think."

"It's an understatement," said Mr. Morley.

He returned to the paper, expressed admiration of the Norwegians, sympathy for the Finns, distrust of the Russians, approval of the Turks, said that that fellow Mussolini was no good at all, and finally got down with gusto to explaining exactly just what sort of a government of supermen was needed.

Miss Morley agreed with him in a deep bass voice. As a mere woman she

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Mr. Morley peered critically into his patient's mouth. "Well, I think that seems all right," he said

had always found the iniquities of whatever government happened to be in power at the moment distinctly useful. It enabled male bad temper to blow off steam.

When Mr. Morley had explained exactly why everything this government did was wrong, he had a second cup of the despised coffee and unburdened himself of his true grievance.

"These girls," he said, "are all the same! Unreliable, self-centered—not to to be depended on in any way."

Miss Morley said interrogatively:

"Gladys?"

"I've just had the message. Her aunt's had a stroke and she's had to go down to Somerset."

"Very trying, dear, but after all, hardly the girl's *fault*."

Mr. Morley shook his head gloomily.

"How do I know the aunt *has* had a stroke? How do I know the whole thing hasn't been arranged between the girl and that very unsuitable young fellow she goes about with? That young man is a wrong un if I ever saw one! Ought to be in the army instead of loafing about! They've probably planned some outing together for today."

"OH, NO, dear, I don't think Gladys would do a thing like that. You know, you've always said she was very conscientious."

"Yes, yes, Georgina, but that was before this undesirable young man came along. She's been quite different lately —*quite* different—absent-minded—upset—nervous."

The grenadier produced a deep sigh. She said, "After all, Henry, girls do fall in love. It can't really be helped."

Mr. Morley snapped: "She oughtn't to let it affect her efficiency as my secretary. And today, in particular, I'm extremely busy! Several *very* important patients. It is *most* trying!"

"I'm sure it must be extremely vexing, Henry. How is this new boy shaping, by the way?"

Henry Morley said gloomily:

"He's the worst I've had yet! Can't get a single name right and has the most uncouth manners. However, if he doesn't improve I shall sack him and try again."

He glanced at his watch.

"I must be getting along. A full morning, and that Sainsbury Seale woman to fit in somewhere as she is in pain. I suggested that she should see Reilly, but she wouldn't hear of it."

"Of course not," said Georgina loyally.

"Reilly's very able—very able indeed. First-class diplomas. Thoroughly up to date in his work."

"His hand shakes," said Miss Morley. "In my opinion he *drinks*."

Her brother laughed, his good temper restored. He said: "I'll be up for a sandwich at half-past one as usual."

AT THE Savoy Hotel Mr. Amberiotis was picking his teeth with a toothpick and grinning to himself.

Everything was going very nicely. Those government contracts, for instance; always some nice pickings to be had in wartime. And then that other business. Fancy those few kind words of his to that idiotic hen of a woman being so richly repaid. Oh! well—*cast your bread upon the waters*. He had always been a kindhearted man. *And* generous! In the future he would be even more generous. Benevolent visions floated before his eyes. Little Dimitri. . . . And the good Constantopopolous struggling with his little restaurant. . . . What pleasant surprises for them. . . .

The toothpick probed unguardedly and Mr. Amberiotis winced. Rosy visions of the future faded and gave way to apprehensions of the immediate future.

He explored tenderly with his tongue.

He took out his notebook. *12 o'clock.* 58, Queen Charlotte Street.

He tried to recapture his former exultant mood. But in vain. The horizon had shrunk to six bare words:

"58, Queen Charlotte Street. 12 o'clock."

AT THE Glengowrie Court Hotel, South Kensington, breakfast was over. In the lounge, Miss Sainsbury Seale was sitting talking to Mrs. Bolitho. They occupied adjacent tables in the dining room and had made friends the day after Miss Sainsbury Seale's arrival a week ago.

Miss Sainsbury Seale said:

"You know, dear, it really *has* stopped aching! Not a twinge! I think perhaps I'll ring up—"

Mrs. Bolitho interrupted her.

"Now don't be foolish, my dear. You go to the dentist and *get it over*."

Mrs. Bolitho was a tall, commanding female with a deep voice. Miss Sainsbury Seale was a woman of forty-odd with indecisively bleached hair rolled up in untidy curls.

Her clothes were shapeless and rather artistic, and her pince-nez were always dropping off.

She was a great talker.

She said now, wistfully:

"But really, you know, it doesn't ache *at all*."

"Nonsense, you told me you hardly slept a wink last night."

"No, I didn't—no, indeed—but perhaps, *now*, the nerve has actually *died*."

"All the more reason to go to the dentist," said Mrs. Bolitho firmly. "We all like to put it off, but that's just cowardice. Better make up one's mind and *get it over!*"

Something hovered on Miss Sainsbury Seale's lips. Perhaps it was the rebellious murmur of: "Yes, but it's not *your* tooth."

All she actually said, however, was:

"I expect you are right. And Mr. Morley is such a careful man and really never hurts one *at all*."

THE meeting of the board of directors was over. The position was highly satisfactory—government co-operation was assured. There should have been no discordant note. Yet to the sensitive Mr. Samuel Rotherstein there had been

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The Irish Can't Believe It

By Quentin Reynolds

BY CABLE FROM DUBLIN

BRITISH COMBINE

Prepared for action it doesn't really expect is this Irish army antiaircraft unit

IT WAS back in 1922 when the Black and Tans finally turned their hated backs upon the shores of Ireland. The last boatload of them was just leaving when a stalwart Dubliner made a remark that has come to be part of the saga of the Emerald Isle.

"Thank the Lord they've gone," he said lustily. "Now, praise be, we can fight in peace."

Today Ireland is very unhappy at the thought of someone infringing upon her traditional heritage of fighting peacefully within her own borders and with no outsiders participating. Ireland is in the tragic position of being a likely battleground for two foreign nations—one nation that she hates and another to which she is indifferent. Ireland, beyond stoutly declaring her neutrality and streamlining her small army as well as she could, is solving the whole problem by blandly ignoring it.

"It is like this," a member of the Dail said to me earnestly. "If either of them invades us, by the living Lord we'll fight and kick them right out. If Germany invades us, why, we might allow England to help us kick them out. If England invades us, well, we've been fighting England for seven hundred years and know how to handle her."

I heard this in homes in Dublin and in pubs in Cork and in small village inns in Tipperary. I heard it in the eight-hundred-year-old palace of an earl, and in country clubs in County Wicklow, and again I heard it in Galway on the west coast. No matter what tall, anxious-looking De Valera says; no matter what the dour-looking William Cosgrave, leader of the opposition, says; no matter what William Norton, leader of the Labor party, or what gentle, scholarly old President Douglas Hyde, say—that is the opinion of the people of Ireland and it is one thing on which they are absolutely united. Ireland is committed to neutrality and, by God, Ireland will stay neutral if it has to fight everyone in Europe to maintain its status. I have heard this a thousand times in two weeks from the people of Ireland and I have heard it whispered to me by government officials talking "off the record."

Coming to Ireland after the nightmare and death of France and after the tension and horrible feeling of dreaded anticipation in London was like emerging from a dark, dank swamp into the brilliant light of the sun. You heard far less war talk in Dublin two weeks ago, I am sure, than you do today in New York. There were no black-outs and no soldiers on the streets. Prices were the same as they had always been and there was a heaping plate of golden butter on the breakfast table alongside a filled sugar bowl—two things that the eyes of this correspondent had not seen for many a long day.

There is a war going on but, praise be, it is no war of Ireland's. It is a war between England and Germany and the devil take them both. That is the well-known ostrich defense used so ineffectively by Holland and Belgium, the two neutral twins who still don't know what hit them. If you stick your head in the sand these days the obvious thing is sure to happen. But Ireland shrugs her shoulders, looks at tomorrow's entries, and doesn't believe it.

Yesterday I visited Glendalough, which is the vale between the two lakes in Wicklow. It has been a Sunday-afternoon picnicking ground for Dubliners for two hundred years. I was looking for likely places where the German parachutists might land. Glendalough is the place where in the year 504 Saint Kevin built his seven churches and then retired to a cave overlooking the lake. One night the fair Kathleen, in love with the fire of his eloquence, came to tell him of her love but the holy Kevin pushed her away, and down into the dark blue waters of the lake she went, never to come up again. Then Kevin in remorse decreed that never again would anyone drown in the lake and to this day none has.

Don't Give It a Thought

There were probably two thousand laughing people from Dublin there, and they were telling the story of Kevin to solemn-eyed children, and they were having tea at the lovely inn on the shores of the lake, and to them the legend of 504 was far closer than the nightmare that has come to life in 1940. This is true: there in fact is the very cave and the ruins of the churches that the good saint built. Parachutists? Fifth columnists? Get on with ye, now.

For two weeks I have been looking in vain for just one man who is afraid of the potential invasion by the Germans. To date I have not found him, and yet every military observer in London is convinced that this will be the next object of Hitler's blitzkrieg. Today I walked into the bar of the Royal Hibernian Hotel, and forty men were deep in form charts, figuring out possible winners at tomorrow's races at Phoenix Park. I ordered a Scotch and began talking to the bartender. The bartender winked at a man standing next to me and said to him, "This fellow is here for the invasion." "Never mind the invasion," the man said. "We'll take care of those blighters if they ever come here and mind that."

Tonight I was at the Elm Park Country Club just outside of Dublin. Here the fairly well off businessmen of Dublin meet each day to play golf and each night to drink and talk. The lawyers, the merchants, the newspaper editors, the automobile salesmen—it is a perfect c oss section of substantial Dublin.

I know them all now, and they laugh a little bit at me but temper their laughter by taking me into their circle. Reggie Knight, prominent Dublin businessman, says, "Now what a pity we haven't a few little parachutists for you to play with tonight. But here's Michail Buckley from Cork. Men from Cork never open their mouths for fear that by mistake they'll order a round of drinks. And Jack Arigho, who played wing three-quarter on three Irish rugby teams that beat England; and Norman McBratnea and Con Foley and Paddy Duffy and Larry O'Neill, and now, lads, there'll be no closing hour tonight."

Someone asked me about the German tanks and how they operate. I told him. He laughed and said, "Some of our lads with rifles could pick their eyes out."

"But this is not a war between men, but men and machines," I said desperately. "The parachutists land with machine guns and carry hand grenades in their belts and flame throwers that shoot a flame a hundred yards."

"Come now," venerable Lauwrence O'Neill said soothingly. "Have a wee spot and forget your machines. Did you know that I went to school with James Joyce?"

Enemy planes over Ireland? Ridiculous—and what if they did come over? Ireland had planes.

The Army Isn't Laughing

Holland had planes and so did Belgium and so did France. How many planes did Ireland have? Well a dozen or so and fine little things they were. Oh, but you wanted to scream at these happy, lovable, charming people and tell them to wake up, destruction might be just around the corner. But they'd slap you on the back and Jack Arigho would go to the piano and play The Minstrel Boy, and sing it in his high, sweet voice, and Pat O'Loughlin would make another speech of welcome in Gaelic which not a man in the room would understand, for only three per cent of the people of Eire know the mother tongue, more knew it until it became compulsory to learn and then, of course, none would study it any more.

If the civilian population of Eire

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Special treat for Don Magarrell's daughter Ann—grilled steaks with his own mustard sauce, picnic fashion

All Ready to Eat

By Frank J. Taylor

Add excitement to your outdoor picnic meals by eating some of the delicious pre-cooked food Don Magarrell serves travelers on the air lines

WITH a seasoned eye Mr. Magarrell watched the fire in his outdoor grill settle into a glowing bed of embers. When the last flame flickered out, he picked up a steak cut an inch and a quarter thick from sirloin butt, dipped it into a bowl of salad oil, slapped it on the grill, shook on salt and whole crushed pepper. As the meat sizzled and seared, he deftly speared it on one edge, careful not to puncture the seared part, and flipped it over. In less time than it takes to tell, the grill was blanketed with sputtering steaks. Eight minutes later, when they were broiled to a turn, he lifted his voice and yelled, "Come and get it!"

Mr. Magarrell might have saved his breath. Everybody was there with his plate in hand. Nobody in his right mind ever passed up a Magarrell steak doused with the chef's own original mustard sauce, the secret of which we'll shortly reveal because it appears that Mr. Don F. Magarrell ranks right up at the top among this country's foremost authorities on picnic cooking, which is an art unto itself.

In his more serious moods, youngish Mr. Magarrell is maître d'hôtel of the United Air Lines kitchens, ten of them scattered strategically from coast to coast, and as such he is responsible for no fewer than half a million pre-cooked picnic meals a year, served on high to travelers aboard the Mainliners.

Now you might not call these de luxe five-course meals picnics, but that's what they are. When Mr. Magarrell took them under his wing four years ago, they were plain box lunches. In those days, when hunger gnawed, an air traveler opened his box, picked over an assortment of weary sandwiches, a cup of potato salad, some cake, cheese, an apple, all of which he washed down with a slug of aging coffee. Well, Mr. Magarrell changed all that with a new culinary technique that keeps pre-cooked foods as hot and appetizing as they were when they came out of the oven. And if you ask his opinion, Mr. Magarrell will tell you that the old-fashioned basket of food most folks take to eat in a shady dell is no picnic at all. "There's no reason why picnic meals can't be served as hot and fresh as anything you ever ate at home," he says.

That kind of talk puts Mr. Magarrell outside the pale, so far as the American Association of Amateur Picnickers is concerned. He is definitely a "pro," except on holidays when, like the postman taking his Sunday walk, he glories in broiling steaks in the woods or in opening up a thermos jug of individual chicken potpies, or ham and string beans en casserole, beef tenderloin sauté, or navarin of spring lamb served steaming hot by the burbling brook. That's what four busy years on the air lines, preceded by three hundred (yep, we checked on them) previous culinary assignments with hotels, clubs, restaurants, railroad and steamship lines, have done to Don Magarrell's idea of a picnic. He's even licked the problem of keeping scrambled eggs with Canadian bacon as hot and light and fresh as when they came from the stove, and he'll tell you how to do the same for outdoor breakfasts.

Just whip your eggs, he says, and keep on whipping with a fork after you've poured them into a hot pan already buttered. When they've thickened, add an ounce of cream for every three eggs, and whip them some more. Then put them in your thermos jug or in hot casseroles, the latter to be wrapped heavily in paper. The scrambled eggs stay so soft and fluffy that, thanks to this trick, on certain transcontinental flights Mr. Magarrell's chefs are able to scramble eggs three or four hours before breakfast is served and the customers actually think they've been freshly cooked by the stewardess on the plane.

If you happen to want link sausages with your scrambled eggs, he says the system is to boil them two minutes, roll them in flour, fry them, then drop them on absorbent paper to draw out the excess grease. After that, you can park them alongside the eggs in the thermos jug or the casserole, confident that they'll hold their size and keep tender while you're locating the right spot.

New Cooking with New Rules

As chef in the ten kitchens that serve the air liners, Mr. Magarrell has had to train young cooks who didn't have a lot of Continental cooking lore to unlearn. Pre-cooking technique is something different, he says. There are a few "don'ts" and a lot of "do's."

Take the "don'ts" first. They have to do mostly with foods that just won't lend themselves to pre-cooking. Pork, for instance, which dries out. Veal is out, too, and fish is taboo on the Mainliners, except Eastern lobsters, West Coast crab, or Southern shrimps for salads. Cabbage, turnips, cauliflower or any other kind of gas-producing vegetable is out. Another of Mr. Magarrell's "don'ts" has to do with paper plates, which absorb the juices right out of meat, no matter how deliciously it is cooked.

"Especially for steak, you need a china plate, and you need it hot," he insists. "That's true whether you cook your steak ahead of time or broil it over a fire just before you eat it."

Maybe you're from Missouri on this notion of pre-cooking steaks for picnics. Well, a lot of the other customers were, too, until they ate some of these Magarrell filets mignon on the air liners. Some of them still insist that the filets are cooked aboard ship, up in the cockpit somewhere, but that's not so.

The angle on pre-cooking steaks, according to Mr. Magarrell, is to undercook them, but slap them into the thermos containers while they're sizzling hot. The steaks keep on cooking under their own steam for a time, but not too much, and they're still hot and juicy an hour or two later. Douse a little hot Mainliner sauce over them when you serve them and you've got something to satisfy an epicure without the bother of coaxing a bed of coals in your grill.

Mainliner sauce is something that Mr. Magarrell thought up one day when a passenger asked for catsup for his steak. Catsup and chili sauce smeared over good food make Mr. Magarrell writhe because he says they overwhelm the delicate flavors of carefully cooked meats. But, recognizing that pre-cooked steaks or chops do become a bit bland in the container, he hit upon this sauce to zip up their flavors. It certainly does the job.

"Mix two and a half tablespoons of flour and two tablespoons of dry mustard with enough boiling water to make a smooth paste," explained Mr. Magarrell. "Add slowly one cup of vegetable

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The Girl Talks

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Detective O'Malley puts the bite on a killer equipped with a small gold tooth

HERE'S a holdup killing," O'Malley said. "Three guys stuck up a night club and they killed a guest. These same three been holding up cafés and night clubs and we can't find who they are. Till now they never shot nobody. This time they did."

"Who was it they killed?" I asked.

"A guy named Jernel. He was at a table with a lady but she wasn't his wife."

"Have you got a description of the men?"

"Plenty descriptions but they get us nowhere. Except the guy that shot Jernel has a gold front tooth, the descriptions could mean anybody. They done this stick-up the same way they done all the rest. Nobody had ever seen them in that night club but they knew the place. Two of 'em stood at the two doors and the third guy went around and picked up the dough. Then they ran out and got away in the same taxi they always escape in. This time a guy passing in the street seen 'em run out and get into the cab with guns in their hands, and he wrote down the taxi license number. Cops looked the license up. There was not a license issued with those numbers."

"Then you've not much to start from," I declared.

We looked at the night club. We didn't find out anything. The manager had never seen any of the three men before the robbery. He was sure, if any of them had ever been there as a guest, he would have recognized them.

"Yeah. But they knew how this place is arranged," O'Malley told him.

"Yes, there's no doubt of that. From the spots where they stood they could cover everybody in the place and no one could get behind them."

"What can a cop do with a case like this?" O'Malley asked me.

We went to headquarters. They had the young woman there who had been at the table with Jernel. She was extremely pretty and said her age was eighteen and that she was in New York studying at a dramatic school. Her name was Miss Rynd. I could see she came of good family and her soft voice showed that she was from the South. The police were showing her pictures of known holdup men, but she hadn't recognized any of them.

"What was this Jernel doing that the guy shot him?" O'Malley asked her.

"He wasn't doing anything." The girl seemed shaken and hysterical. "He'd given the man his money. We both were sitting still, and he'd told me to give the man my jewelry."

"How long you known Jernel?"

"Some friends introduced us about six months ago. I didn't see anything of him then. About a month ago he called me up and asked if I remembered him, and he wanted to see me. He said he was lonesome and he seemed unhappy, and since then we've seen each other a whole lot."

"What made him lonesome? The guy had a wife."

"He told me about that. He was getting a divorce from her."

"You think a lot of Jernel?"

She began to cry. "Yes."

"This Jernel," O'Malley explained to me, "had a lot of money. Him and his wife belonged to what they call café society. They spent a lot of time in night clubs. Cops know about that divorce. When Jernel asked for the divorce, he mentioned a guy named Sammin. This Sammin is known in night clubs too. Let's go and see Mrs. Jernel."

A neat maid let us in. It was a big, luxurious apartment. Mrs. Jernel was young and beautiful and seemed calm and collected.

"You know any reason your husband should get shot?" O'Malley asked her.

She seemed surprised. "I don't understand your question. It was a holdup."

"Yes, lady, we know. But there wasn't no reason that holdup should have shot him. How long since you seen your husband?"

"A little more than a month."

"Ever been to that night club yourself?"

"Yes; a number of times."

"With Mr. Sammin?"

"Your question is impertinent."

"A cop has to ask."

WE WENT and saw Sammin. He had a shop high up in a tall building and he was sleek and black-haired. He was a jeweler.

"You in that night club last night when Jernel got shot?" O'Malley asked.

"I wasn't."

"You been there, though, plenty of times."

"I don't know what you mean by 'plenty.' I've been there."

"With Mrs. Jernel?"

"Sometimes."

"She know you've been questioned by the police quite a few times following jewel robberies?"

"What's this idea?" Sammin shouted at us. "I've never been convicted of receiving stolen jewels. Are you trying to involve me in this killing?"

"Do you appreciate the significance of all this, O'Malley?" I asked when we had got outside.

"You tell me."

"Let's review the facts," I said, importantly. "These holdups have occurred in places where the men executing them had never been and therefore they have not been recognized, but in every case they knew the arrangement of the place perfectly. That means it had been described to them."

"Sure. They got a fingerman."

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He didn't like the report, and crumpled it up and threw it in the wastebasket. The girl and I watched while he rewrote it

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A Man Takes His Vacation

By Donald Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

How Hubert happened to win the big bronc-bucking contest and a prize that was not on the committee's list

THE plank sidewalks of Horse Creek rumbled to the prodding of high-heeled boots; fast-moving hoofs lifted the thin, tawny dust of the town square and it hung like a pall over the crowds. Bright shirts and colorful neckerchiefs flashed beneath broad-brimmed hats, and in the doors of the bars the passers-in and passers-out turned sideways to get through.

A slight young man in a gray business suit was trying to get into one of the saloons. Each time he started in, he met a group of cowboys on the way out, eyes on distant bars, looking over his head. He was not very tall.

Invariably they pushed him out.

"Pardon me," he kept saying.

Finally, in desperation, he fell in behind several cowboys who had shoved him aside and followed them to the next bar. He went in easily, in their wake.

The bar was crowded. But he followed his interference, unnoticed at their heels, and found a place for himself beside them. "A glass of beer," he said; but there was too much noise, nobody could hear him. A harassed bartender plunked a bottle of whisky down before the group and placed some glasses on the bar. A tall cowboy poured the drinks. There was one glass too many. The big cowboy looked around, glanced down past his shoulder and saw the little fellow in the gray suit.

"Pardon me," the little fellow said. "I guess the bartender thought I was with—"

"What the hell, have a drink," the cowboy said. He slid one of the filled glasses toward the other. "From the East?" he asked.

"No; Salt Lake City."

"Come up for the rodeo?"

"Well, what's left of it. I guess today's the last day. I saw the posters in Yellowstone Park and came down. I'm on my vacation, you know. From the office. A fellow has to get away."

"Sure," the cowboy said.

The other offered his hand. "Hubert Winslow's the name. Bartles-Adams, advertising novelties. File department."

The cowboy shook the hand clumsily. "Slim Howard," he said. He turned to his companions. "Meet a friend of mine," he said.

"I'll buy a drink," Hubert said. He wigwagged to the bartender. "On me," he said loudly.

"Look who's here," Slim said. They all looked around. A tall, beautifully turned-out cowboy had entered. He was flanked by two attractive girls in Western attire. They moved up to the bar and the cowboy ordered drinks for everybody with a large gesture.

For the first time Hubert noticed that there was a difference between the cowboys he was drinking with and most of the others in the place. His friends were not dressed as well as the others: they wore faded blue denim pants and their hats were stained, the brims curled. Their blue cotton shirts were open at the throat, and they wore no neckerchiefs. The others were more like the one who had just come in.

"THAT fellow," Hubert said, in an oblique effort to penetrate the difference, "must be a—foreman. Or whatever you call them."

"What they are called," Slim said, looking at Hubert, "is dudes. That one's staying at the Bar H Bar, a dude ranch. He's a broker in New York."

"Oh," Hubert said. He was beginning to get the idea. Slim said, "Today's dude-ranch day at the rodeo. Every dude ranch has got one of their dudes here for the dude bucking-horse contest."

"Bucking horses!" one of the cowboys said disgustedly. "The damn' tame bucking horses!"

"What can you expect?" Slim said. "They're just dudes."

"The tame broncs," the other said. "They been practicing all summer to ride the tame broncs."

"Is yours a dude ranch, too?" Hubert asked.

"Not like the others," Slim said. "The Lazy K is a cow outfit, but we're trying to get dudes. We didn't get any this year, against the big places like the Bar

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Hubert at this point lost track of what was going on. The grandstand began to whirl, and so did the ground. Instantly Hubert decided to get off the horse

H Bar. Maybe we'll get some next year."

"If we could get a dude and he could win this dude bucking contest," another of the cowboys said, "we'd be over. You got to have advertising."

"We ought to take first prize from under their nose," Slim said. He looked at Hubert. "Can you ride a horse?" he asked suddenly.

"No," Hubert said. "I hate horses."

"Let's have another drink," Slim said.

"FELLOWS," Hubert said an hour later, "I'm not so sure about this. My knees feel kind of weak. I hate—"

"Buck up," Slim said.

Hubert tried to buck up. They were standing behind the little grandstand at the rodeo grounds. Through the latticework of weathered timbers, through the pattern of the two-by-fours and the people sitting on the plank seats, their rears bulging, Hubert could catch glimpses of activity out front. Riders were moving back and forth; steers were bawling; a voice was calling out names. Suddenly his own name boomed from the loudspeaker.

"Come on," Slim said. He took Hubert by the arm. Hubert's underpinning began to fail him. "I'd rather—" he began; but the others were around him and he was walking under the grandstand, down a passage, and the clumsy leather chaps that Slim had made him put on were hanging loosely from his hips. These and the big spurs he was wearing just missed tripping him at each labored step.

"Come on," Slim said.

At the end of the passage they came to a cage made of heavy planks. It was just a little larger than a horse. A horse was in it. The horse and Hubert looked at each other and Hubert closed his eyes. Somebody boosted him to the top of the cage, and two others took him by the arms and lowered him, and he was sitting in a saddle; a live, restless saddle. He felt the stirrups and shoved his feet into them and somebody handed him the end of a thick rope and he took hold of it mechanically and prayerfully.

The whole side of the cage swung away, exposing the rodeo grounds. The horse bounded out into the open.

Hubert at this point lost track of what was going on. The grandstand began to whirl, and so did the ground, and he was being hit terrific blows on the seat of the pants. Instantly he decided to get off the horse. He tried to, but found, to his horror, that he could not. He glanced down and saw that the fastening in the front of the chaps had slipped over the horn of the saddle. At each lunge of the horse he was jerked violently forward and the horn hit him in the stomach repeatedly.

Hubert's world turned black. . . .

The water on his face was cold, and he heard Slim's voice and opened his eyes. "He's coming around," somebody said. Slim was kneeling there with a wet towel in his hands. When he saw that Hubert was all right, he grinned broadly. "Hubert," he said delightedly, "you won! You got first prize!"

Hubert sat up and looked around. He was in the rear of the grandstand again, and his friends were standing around him, looking down at him. He moistened his lips. "What is first prize?" he asked.

"A three-day pack trip out of the Bar H Bar," Slim said, "with the governor's party. He's staying there. Three whole days on horseback, Hubert!"

Hubert lay back on the grass and closed his eyes.

"WELL, there she is," one of the cowboys said.

Hubert looked where the cowboy was pointing. Just beyond the sagebrush flat over which they were riding, at the edge of a pine forest, beyond which great snow-capped mountains rose abruptly into the sky, was a long log structure with a porch across the entire front. It was flanked by lesser buildings.

Slim pulled up close alongside Hubert. "Whatever you do, don't go saying you got to get back to the office. Remember, Hubert, you won the dude bucking-horse contest. You got to act on your dignity, Hubert."

They went through a gate and rode across a well-kept lawn, toward the porch. On the porch Hubert could see people, people dressed in big cream-colored hats and bright shirts. When they were almost there, a tall man in immaculate regalia stepped down and came to meet them.

"Hello, Mr. Van Orton," Slim said. Mr. Van Orton nodded briefly. Slim jerked his head toward Hubert. "I guess you heard the Lazy K entry won the bucking-horse contest." The dude rancher looked at Hubert without expression and nodded again. Slim said, "Well, we brung him up for the prize."

Mr. Van Orton bowed slightly. "Come in," he said to Hubert.

"Goodby, Hubert," Slim said. "Remember what I told you."

"I will," Hubert said. He dismounted painfully, and Slim took his horse and he and the others rode away. Walking slowly, frequently glancing down to see if he really was as bowlegged as he felt, Hubert followed Mr. Van Orton around the end of the lodge. The brilliant people on the porch were watching, and Hubert summoned such dignity as he felt he possessed and looked straight ahead. His host took him to a small cabin in the rear, and they entered. The one room was just large enough for the cot, washstand and chair.

"Make yourself at home," Mr. Van Orton said distantly. "The pack trip with the governor will get under way in about an hour. His Excellency at the moment is resting." He left.

Hubert threw himself upon the cot and lay face down. He was unhappy. He did not like this; he hated the whole

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Night Work

By Meyer Levin

WHEN Lloyd Baker, instructor at City College, sought to use the Franklin letters at the Foundation he was informed that Professor Knowles of Columbia had them out for study, and he had a fright. Knowles was probably already started on the very thing he wanted to do. Several times, in the Historical Journal, he had encountered articles by Knowles in his own field of early American letters—and more than once Lloyd had been startled at the echoing chords of their minds. Oddly, though they had mutual acquaintances, they had not yet met.

Before giving up the Franklin idea, there was only one thing to do: ask. So he wrote Professor Knowles. The reply was comradely. Knowles even hinted at a collaboration.

The evening Lloyd went out to discuss the matter, Felice, as usual, wanted to go along; his young wife sometimes seemed to have the idea she could go everywhere with him, even to his classes. This time she finally consented to be parked at a movie.

Knowles lived in one of those boxlike apartments with which Lloyd had been all too familiar in his bachelor days. University areas abounded in them. The professor was younger than he had expected, probably only a few years his own senior; they were even of the same physical type, large-boned, swingy, Knowles a shade taller; and as soon as the professor opened his mouth Lloyd recognized home. "Hoosier?" he asked.

Sure enough. Knowles was from Valparaiso, near the Baker farm.

In the apartment, Lloyd was struck even more forcibly by the sense of duplication, for Knowles, like himself in his bachelor days, had turned the dinette into a work-hutch, upholstering it with books. For an instant Lloyd felt a longing for those solitary evenings, with maybe a colleague ringing the bell, late, for a gab over a drink.

As to their work: they hit it off right away. Lloyd would study the influence of French ideas of liberty on Franklin, and Knowles would analyze the other side, the influence of Franklin on the French. Right off Knowles showed Lloyd a cute, obscure passage in a Franklin anecdote, on the object of conversation with women. Lloyd spotted it as indeed an old French saying. "Bonhomme, at the Sorbonne, used to kid all the co-eds with it."

"You study with Bonhomme?" Knowles asked.

And both had spent their Sundays at Prof. Bonhomme's place on the Seine. And both had held the Voxhaul scholarship. "We must be the same guy!" Knowles laughed.

Truly, the parallel in their lives was astonishing. Not only their background but their work. For when Lloyd mentioned that he had to pick up his wife, at the movie, Knowles remarked, "Bet you married a French girl."

"You guessed it," Lloyd responded.

"Didn't have to guess. Just followed through."

Lloyd glanced around the typical one-man apartment. "You're not married, are you?"

"Was," Knowles said. "Met her at the Sorbonne." Next thing, the fellow would say his wife's name was Felice.

Lloyd couldn't help asking—almost as from an oracle—what had become of that marriage.

"Happened? She's back home," his new colleague replied. "Swell kid, but those things just don't work out. French and us."

THE work went well. Too well. Their collaboration was so stimulating that Lloyd could scarcely put his mind on anything else.

They had already published a preliminary paper; a publisher wanted a book on the subject; Lloyd felt sure this work would bring him his full professorship; he picked out the fur coat he would buy Felice, for their anniversary, if the book could be finished swiftly enough so he'd get some money for it, in time to pay for the coat. He and Knowles worked late afternoons, and often into the night.

Once, coming home late, Lloyd found the customary pie and milk on the kitchen table; but Felice failed to slip from the bedroom, while he ate. Then he remembered something about a dinner date with the Reynoldses, who were entertaining a visiting Frenchman.

He couldn't fall asleep. The last time he looked at his watch before she got home, it was 2 A. M.

Felice was gay in the morning, humming as she had breakfast with him.

The thing happened again, and again. Naturally he couldn't blame her. The poor kid had to have some fun in life; he was working every evening. But the fourth time, when she got in at 1:30, he couldn't help letting her know he was awake.

"But, darling, I don't like to have fun without you!" she protested. "If only you would come with us!"

No use reminding her he was busy, he had to finish the research.

"That Knowles! That monster! What does he know of life!" she cried. "Isn't the day enough to work?"

He had to say she might at least let him manage his own work, and then she was angry with him, and the next night she was out again.

The following evening, they were discussing a Franklin gem Knowles had found in an old almanac. "Marriage without love soon becomes love without marriage."

"Yeah," Lloyd agreed. "It seems to be the French idea, all right. I ought to know."

"Trouble?" Knowles asked.

Lloyd nodded.

"Sooner or later," Knowles said, "you have to face it. That's the way they are."

"How long did yours last?"

"Four years. The last year was hell."

"Frenchman show up?"

"She went home with him."

Lloyd shuddered. And yet he felt strangely grateful. Knowles would save him the pain of the last stages.

Perhaps Felice sensed something. She asked Knowles to dinner. They didn't hit it off at all, naturally. Afterward, she declared to Lloyd that he was crazy in thinking he and Knowles were alike. "Just because you both come from Indiana!"

A FEW evenings later, coming home after midnight, he found her sitting up with that Frenchman. Lloyd refused to have a drink with them, and went to bed, leaving them there together.

She didn't come to breakfast in the morning.

He remembered Knowles' remarks. Yet, he wanted to make one try. Talk it out with her. That afternoon, he went home to pick up his notes. She was out. But in the cab, looking through the notes, Lloyd saw words penciled, in her handwriting, between his lines. Under that one about marriage without love becoming love without marriage, she had written, "All work and no play makes Jack a bad husband." And, "A wife without a husband soon leaves a husband without a wife.—Mrs. B. Franklin." Then, in a pained scrawl, "Oh, darling, don't!"

Suddenly he saw himself as Knowles was, alone in a one-room box, solitary dinners, working all the time. He told the driver to turn around.

She was curled, a shivering kitten-ball, in a huge chair, his chair, crying.

Later, Lloyd called his colleague: "Sorry I can't work tonight." A very important engagement had come up, he explained, to take his wife dancing.

Hereafter, they'd have to work only in the afternoons; slower, but they'd get through. "Oh, and Knowles—"

"Yeah?"

"Just thought you ought to know. We're not the same guy, after all."

Felice was gay in the morning, humming as she had breakfast with him

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So they chose four of their number to go to St. Louis and bring back the Book—surely the strangest horsemen that ever rode in the West

White Dawn in Oregon

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

CAPTAIN GEORGE W. AYRES of Boston, cruising for sea-otter furs in the Pacific in his ship, the Mercury, put into Nootka Sound one day and took twelve Indians on board as hunters. They went with him willingly, for he promised to bring them back when his cruise was over. Instead, he marooned them on a deserted island in Sir Francis Drake's Bay. It was easier to do that than sail all the way back to Nootka; and it didn't matter to Captain Ayres whether the twelve survived or starved.

That is the first link in the chain. The second is the Tonquin. She came to Nootka soon afterward—John Jacob Astor's ship, the Tonquin, sent by him from New York around Cape Horn to found a fur empire on the Oregon coast. She had stopped at the mouth of the Columbia and built a fort there (Astoria, they called it) garrisoned by a few forest voyageurs under Duncan McDougall. Then she cruised northward along the Vancouver shore to trade for sea otter with the Nootka tribesmen.

The Tonquin dropped anchor off the Indian town and her captain, Jonathan Thorn, being a bullheaded, violent man afraid of nothing, didn't even rig safety nettings around the deck to prevent too many Indians from coming aboard. Captain Thorn had never heard of Captain Ayres or what he had done to the twelve Nootka hunters. If Thorn had known about that, he would have enjoyed it. Some weeks before, he had beaten one of his seamen half insensible, thrown him overboard and sailed away, leaving the sailor to sink or swim ashore as fate decided.

So Captain Thorn would probably have laughed if he had known of that clever trick which Captain Ayres had played. Ayres had saved time and money. What did it matter if a dozen Indian women had been widowed? . . . When the Tonquin had anchored, the Indians came out in their great sea canoes, bringing their bundles of furs, and Thorn let them come on board, as many as wanted to come. The goods were arranged on the deck and trading began.

But it didn't go well. Thorn and James Lewis, a clerk, did the bidding; but the Indians rejected most of the offers. A tall old Nootka chief, thin and hook-nosed and magnificently dressed in a beautiful sea-otter robe belted with native cloth of many colors, directed them with great dignity from a seat placed for him by his underlings. They watched him, and when he shook his head, they shook theirs also.

Captain Thorn's quick anger rose, quickly boiled over. He whirled on the chief and ordered him to leave the ship. The Indian made no move, and Thorn, in a fury, seized him by the hair, jerked him to his feet, then struck him in the face. There was a moment of utter silence, utter stillness. Only a moment. The chief turned away and went quietly down the ladder and his people followed him.

Captain Jonathan Thorn strutted the Tonquin's deck. He'd taught these damned red cattle a lesson. They'd be back in the morning and trading would be better then. Alex McKay, one of Astor's partners, who was on board, didn't think so and wanted to weigh anchor. But Captain Thorn was right.

Early in the morning they came with smiling, happy faces, with rolls of fine otter skins—as many rolls as five large canoes, each manned by twenty paddlers, could carry—and Thorn in high good humor bade them come aboard with their pelts and make themselves at home. So they swarmed up the ladders (all except the women, who stayed in the canoes) and trading *was* better and Captain Thorn's good humor expanded —until, suddenly, at a signal, they drew the terrible *pautumaugan* war clubs hidden in their rolls of otter skins and made

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Occupation: Widow

By William C. White

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

PAUL LESSER and his friend Rolf Blaerchen, a Nazi, start a night club in Berlin. Lesser marries a singer whom they employ: Carola Dirling; then he dies—the victim of a mysterious "automobile accident."

Heartbroken, Carola leaves Berlin. Three years later, she is in Rome when Blaerchen—whom she suspects of somehow having caused her husband's death—sends an agent to her. *The agent informs her that Blaerchen is a* power in the German Foreign Office; he orders her to return to Berlin. Not daring to resist, she goes back to the German capital. There—ensconced in an attractive apartment, where a maid (Maria Kunkle) keeps a sharp eye on her—she goes to work as a Foreign Office spy, reporting to Blaerchen.

She has only one friend whom she can trust: Karl Dietrich. Just out of a concentration camp, Dietrich is deep in an anti-Nazi plot. He tells Carola that Blaerchen and Wilhelm Praut—bitter enemies and favorites of Ribbentrop—are working secretly against Goering and Himmler. . . . Senta Mainescu—once engaged to Blaerchen, now one of his enemies—calls on Carola. She makes several indiscreet remarks. They are reported back to Blaerchen. She is arrested, charged with treason—and executed!

While taking a walk, Carola is approached by a stranger who introduces himself as August von Maurer. He says that Senta had been his *fiancée;* he questions Carola closely, in an effort to learn who had betrayed the woman he loved. . . .

Young Signor Froscetti, of the Italian Embassy, escorts Carola to her apartment, after a party. He tells her that he has fallen in love with her. The telephone rings. Carola answers it. A man (whose voice she does not recognize) *orders* her to "wait ten minutes—and scream." The man adds: "This is Herr Blaerchen's wish," and hangs up.

Carola insists that Froscetti leave the apartment, at once. Puzzled, angry, Froscetti makes his departure. A few minutes later, three men come in. They accuse Carola of disobeying Blaerchen's orders. They say they will report the matter. They go out. . . . The following day, Carola explains the episode to Froscetti. *Realizing that he has narrowly escaped a black-*mail trap, Froscetti thanks her. But when they part, Carola feels certain that she will never see the young Italian again

V

AT HOME there was still no sign of Maria. Carola was not concerned; she would turn up in time and explain her absence. More important was Blaerchen's coming. She could only repeat to him what she had told the men the night before, then watch his face to see if he believed.

At the front door someone was trying to fit a key in the lock. Carola rose and opened the door. Maria almost stumbled into the room, her clothes awry, her face red from unbroken crying.

"Look!" Her voice was hollow. "Look! Fritz, my husband!" She held out a little card. On it Carola read a cold, formal announcement of the death of Fritz Kunkle at the front. Neither place nor time nor date were given.

"I am sorry, Maria."

"Fritz is dead," the woman said as if to convince herself. She burst into violent weeping again. "He wasn't a soldier. He didn't want to harm anybody. He was a cook!"

Carola wished she could help. "It does no good to cry."

"I know it." Maria tried to dry her eyes. She looked at the card again. "Can you bury a postal card? Can you give a postal card a decent burial?"

Carola stood beside her, not knowing what to say. She put her arm around her and said weakly, "It's a dreadful shock."

Maria got control of herself. "Herr Blaerchen promised that Fritz would not go near the front. His promises!" Bitterness in her voice matched the scorn in her voice. "He promised Fräulein Mainescu that he'd marry her and what did he do? He put her in jail because of what she said here."

Carola stared at the woman, forgetting her weeping and her sorrow. She asked, "How do you know that?"

"He knows everything that is said in this room. There is a thing in the wall there. It was put in one day when you weren't here."

"A microphone? Where is it?" Her questions were asked in cold anger.

Maria pointed to the wall near a framed picture of a German village scene. "In there."

Everything the woman was saying now was being overheard! Carola shuddered. She knew she had to find some wordless way to keep the woman quiet.

Then Maria sat upright, her face gray and glassy. In sudden spilling fury she almost ran to the framed picture on the wall and stood just a few inches from it. So bitterly that Carola shivered, she screamed, "Listen, I want you to hear me. Herr Blaerchen, this is Maria!"

"Maria, what are you doing?" She was alarmed at the woman's growing hysteria.

Maria was beyond any control. "Herr Blaerchen, you lied! Fritz is dead. He was a good man. He did not deserve to die. You killed him after you promised me—! *Was sagst du,* Herr Blaerchen?"

"Please stop, Maria."

She ignored Carola. "You should hear what the people in the streets are saying, Herr Blaerchen. They say, 'Maybe the Allies would like to catch Hitler and the Nazis, but we hope we catch them first!' " She was screaming now. "That is what they are saying. I know! I hear them! Now my Fritz is dead and I don't even know where he is buried but when the people are through with you Nazis there won't even be kitchen scraps to bury."

"You must not say those things, Maria." Carola felt ridiculously helpless.

The woman turned away from the wall and threw herself on the couch. She was just a shivering pile, crying softly to herself. Carola got some water for her. She was afraid for Maria now. The woman had to be persuaded to leave at once before anyone who overheard her remarks sent police after her.

In a few minutes Maria sat up and reached for her handkerchief. "I'm sorry, Fräulein."

"I only wish I could do something for you, Maria," Carola said desperately.

"I will be all right. It's the shock. I had no warning. I should have known something was wrong when Fritz did not write from Cologne for such a long time. I should have known!" She stood up and wavered slightly. "I'll get my things from the kitchen and go."

Carola felt ever so slightly relieved. At least, there were no sounds yet on the stairs outside. The woman could get away.

Maria went into the kitchen and Carola followed. The microphone could not pick up anything said here. "Where will you go now, Maria?"

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"Herr Blaerchen, you lied!" she cried. "Fritz is dead. He did not deserve to die. You killed him!"

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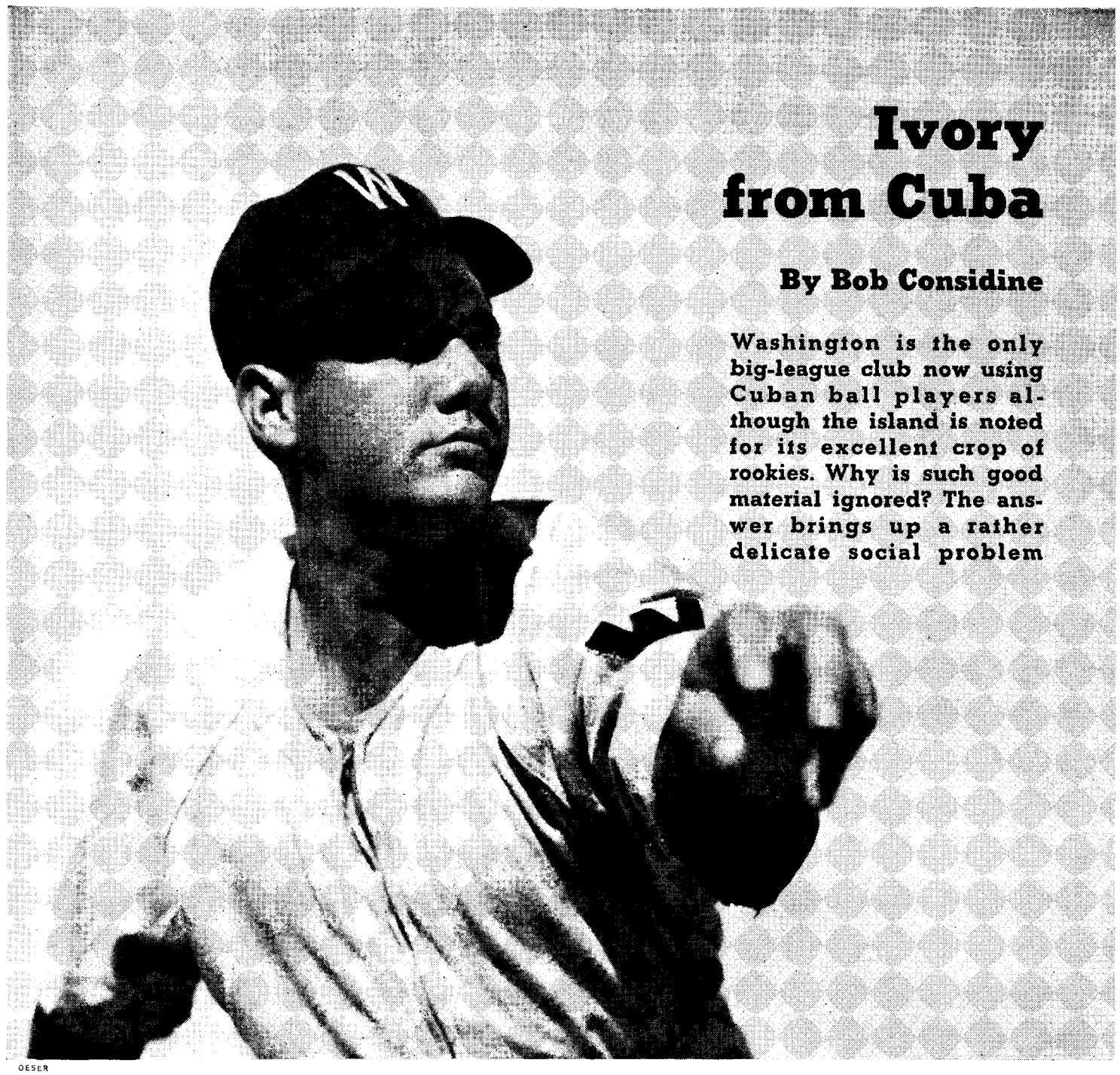
RONNY JAQUES

Alec Carrasquel of Caracas, Venezuela, was an overnight sensation but is now with Jersey City

Ivory from Cuba

By Bob Considine

Washington is the only big-league club now using Cuban ball players although the island is noted for its excellent crop of rookies. Why is such good material ignored? The answer brings up a rather delicate social problem



OESER

Last remaining representative of the foreign contingent in baseball is Pitcher René Monteagudo, who's just too good to be sent to the minors

THIS is a baseball scout's dream of heaven:

He is hacking his way through the hinterland bush in search of talent. In his pocket is a sharp telegram from the boss, demanding that he deliver—or else. Suddenly he comes upon a clearing in the backwoods and there before him, on a rude diamond, is playing a ball club that fairly bristles with first-class players.

Not only that, but the players are so naïve and love the game so much, and are so far removed from the prima-donna class, that they sign up for practically nothing. All they want is a chance to make good, and never mind bonuses for signing.

Just about the time our dreambound scout is signing up a future DiMaggio for $25 a week, the scout lurches back into consciousness. He awakens in a cheap hotel in Pottawatomie, gets up with an unhappy wheeze and goes out to the splintery ball park to scout some Class D second baseman who couldn't catch a cold on an igloo sleeping porch.

Yet one scout lived this dream. He is Joe Cambria, an Italian laundryman from Baltimore who is now the chief scout of the Washington Senators and main talent-gatherer for such Washington farms as Charlotte, North Carolina; Springfield, Massachusetts; Greenville, South Carolina, and Orlando, Florida.

One day Cambria parted the leaves of a faraway land and beheld tons of good ballplayers. Furiously, he began putting them under contract. He is still signing them up. He discovered a gold mine of baseball players that will never work itself out.

But it isn't likely that enough of them will infiltrate into organized baseball to change the complexion of the game. Or that the influx of Cambria's cheap labor will knock the pins from under the prevailing wage schedules in the big leagues.

Because Cambria's ballplayers are Cubans. Cubans and, currently, one seamy-faced Venezuelan.

That means that their chances of getting as far in baseball as their merit might warrant correspond roughly to the chances of that adventuresome snowball. They may have the kind of zeal that in comparison makes the bloke who died for dear old Siwash look like a slacker. But unless they are extraordinarily expert at the game, and unless they are physically and spiritually constituted to fight back against the forces that seek to ride them back to the Pearl of the Antilles on a rail, they'll never amount to much.

They get beanballs thrown at their heads by closed-shop (and closed-brained) rivals. They face pitchers who willingly will throw away their arms bearing down on them in an effort to escape the "ignominy" of yielding a hit to them. They get a measure of grass-singeing abuse from the "jockeys" on the enemy bench. From their own team they get rock-bottom pay, and from many of their own teammates they get a wintry ostracism. Those who want to befriend them are halted by the differences in languages.

Judge Landis Dissents

The Cuban players might reasonably wish for a little more substantial sponsorship than Cambria can produce. But none of them will ever be able to say that Poppa Joe, as they call him, bored them. There is only one Joe Cambria in baseball, and for this Judge Landis offers up a daily prayer of thanks. The old judge has had Cambria on that mat often enough for Joe to wear a trench in it. Landis triumphantly caught him post-dating a rookie's contract last year and fined him $1,000. The judge also made him sell his St. Augustine club when his boss, Clark Griffith, bought Orlando in the same Florida League.

By 1934, when Cambria first began to exploit Latin talent, his reputation as a shrewd, lucky and bizarre baseball gypsy was well established. He had been in baseball only four years, but he had gotten around: Hagerstown, Baltimore, Youngstown, Reading, Albany.

He made the first trip to Cuba to look for *ersatz* ivory in the winter of 1934-1935. His chief discovery was a squat, powerful, grinning third baseman named Roberto Estalella. Estalella was promoted to Washington as a novelty for the tag end of the 1935 season and was a sensation. Then he dropped back in slower company and did not get another chance until last season. He came back as an outfielder, and became the longest, stoutest hitter on the Washington team.

This year Estalella is back in the minors, though several American League managers will tell you that he is good enough to be in the league. He was sold outright to Minneapolis. His usefulness to Washington was impaired during the 1939 season because an alarming number of the sterling sportsmen who pitched against him repeatedly sent him sprawling into the dirt—ducking beanballs.

Some of them only wanted to break Estalella's toe hold on the plate, for Roberto was one to crowd the dish and plant his feet in the ground as deep as fireplugs. But others who "dusted" Estalella were of that peculiar big-league mold which is almost psychopathically opposed to Roberto and his coffee-colored colleagues.

The Unfavored Foursome

The gorilla-shaped Cuban outfielder had company among the 1939 Senators. With him all season was Alejandro Carrasquel, of Caracas, Venezuela. During the early portion of the season the Spanish-speaking section of the Washington club also embraced the Mutt and Jeff of Cuban pitching—6 feet 4 inch Roberto Ortiz and runty, fattish René Monteagudo.

They made a curious knot in the center of the predominantly Southern ball club. On road trips the four of them would sit in facing seats, knees jammed together, jabbering in low excitement. Their meager salaries prompted them to get to the railroad stations ahead of the other players and gulp a quick meal at

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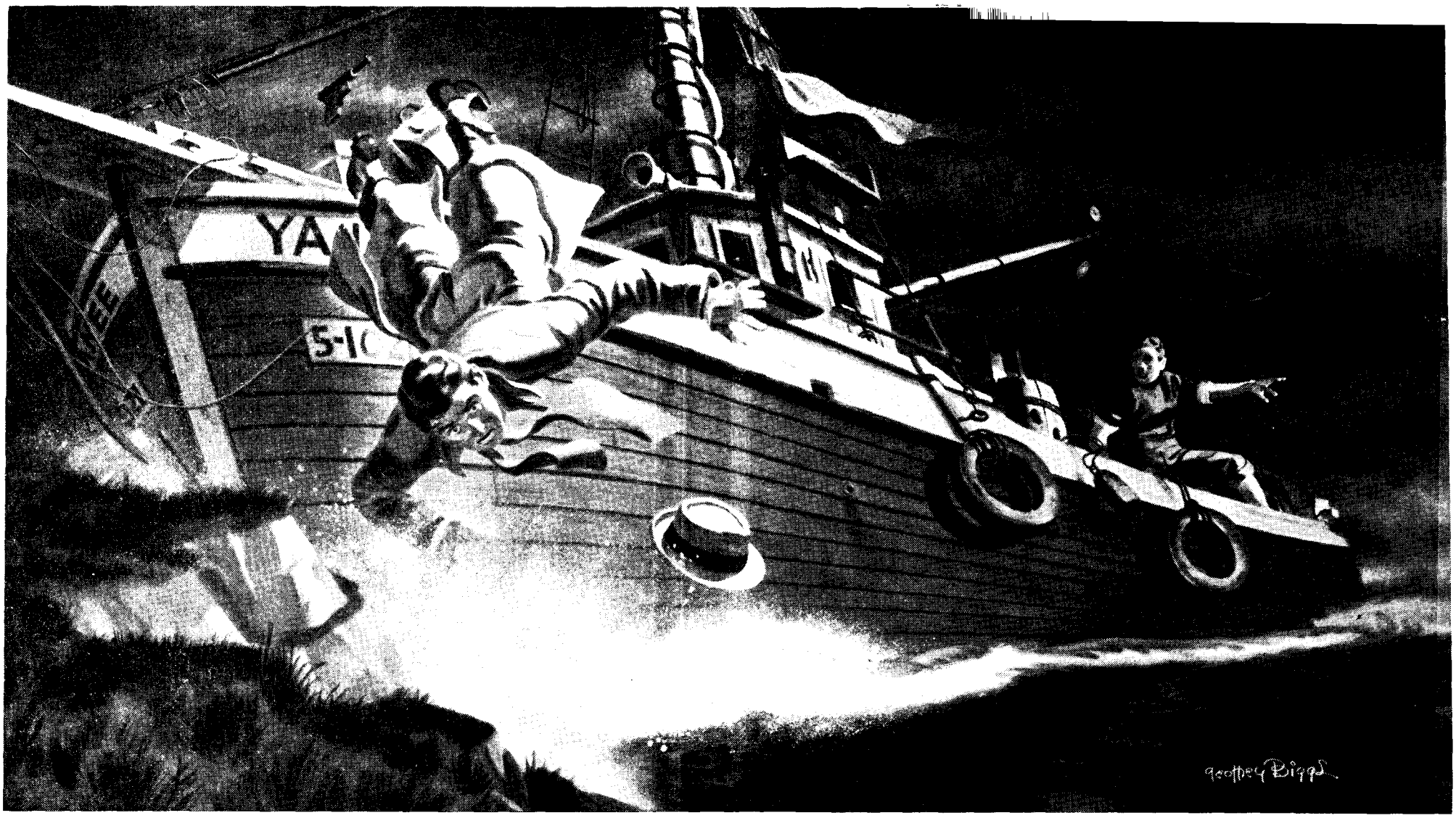

The boat struck with all the force of motor, current and tide behind it. Al screamed once, groped and fell

Fog on the Bay

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

They weren't killers. But they had a right to live. So they did what had to be done

IT WAS still dark when they left the house, blowing out the kerosene lamp, and walked the brief distance to the wharf where the boat was moored at bow and stern against the steady push of the wind that crossed the Potomac from Virginia. Under them the wharf creaked and swayed and once a board over a worm-eaten post almost gave under the son, but neither of them spoke. That the wharf was rotted and worm-eaten they knew, and that they couldn't do much about it right now with oysters at twenty-five cents a bushel they also knew; so there was no use in talking.

They worked silently, the son casting off the bowline and the father trying to start the old motor. The boy picked up the wide, awkward, culling board and set it against the gunwale.

"If we run into a good mess today," he said, "we'll need a third man for culling. Shouldn't've let Johnny Guy go last week."

The father was silent bending over the engine and the boy picked up the long-handled oyster tongs and the nippers for big singles, and laid them, twenty feet long and unwieldy, across the culling board and bin walls.

"Ain't no use, Joe," the father finally said, "in having a man working at this kind of work if'n he can't make two dollars a day anyways. Johnny knowed he could've stayed if he wanted."

A beam of light washed rapidly up and down over the boat and both men turned to the shore. The wind had prevented their hearing the car coming but now they saw it, moving fast over the bad dirt road that wasn't much more than two ruts in the earth. "Kind of late for any party to be coming down fishing," Joe said. "Maybe we could get a few rockfish rising, though."

There was a rending of springs as the car hit a deep hollow filled with water, and then jounced to a stop, almost on the wharf. Two men came out, leaving the doors open, and ran out on the wharf, the stockier one carrying a handbag. It was too dark to see much more about them.

"No one coming fishing'd come in that much hurry," the father said. He had grown tense without knowing it.

"YOU Foley Abell?" the man with the bag said.

"That's right," the father said.

"I went fishing with you once. How much to hire your boat?"

"It's kind of late, even for rockfishing," the father said.

"We don't want to go fishing," the man without the bag said.

"Shut up, Al," said the man with the bag.

"I could take you out, though, and maybe try for some," Foley Abell went on. "Charge you eight dollars if we didn't get any fish, ten if we did. I don't—"

"We don't want to go fishing. We want to go away from here and we want to go right now. Some place in Virginia. Give you a hundred dollars."

That much money made it a bad business, Foley Abell knew. His mouth was dry.

The boy, Joe, like many children, had an instinct to recognize evil. "I don't like this, pa," he said. "These—"

"Shut up, you," Al said. "No one asked you anything."

"I don't like you, mister," Joe said. He started to climb out on the wharf.

"Oh, yes you do," Al said. "You like me fine." In the first light, Joe saw the automatic in Al's hand.

"What I ask you, Al," the man with the bag said; "what I ask you is did you have to do it?"

"This punk," Al said. "For twenty cents I'd give it to him." Joe couldn't see Al's eyes but he could feel them looking at him and hating him beyond any reason. Joe stood there, one foot on the boat, the other on the wharf. He wasn't frightened.

"Shall I give it to him, Gerry?" Al said.

"Don't talk foolish," the other man said. "This is our last out." He turned to Foley Abell. "That's the way it is," Gerry said. "Now you know. You ain't got no choice now. Get in the boat."

"I remember you, Mr. Ferris," Foley said. "You was here with a party last July."

Gerry laughed. "That's right, Abell, you remember me as Mr. Ferris. Keep right on remembering me as Mr. Ferris and everything will be okay."

"MR. FERRIS," Al mocked, the gun still on Joe Abell. "Mr. Ferris. Listen to it. Where the hell did you get that name. Mr. Ferris. Gerry Piv—"

"Shut up!" Gerry said. "You done enough wrong things now. Twenty roads out of Washington and you got to take this one that goes into a dead end at Point Lookout."

"They had us headed off on the others. Maybe you would've liked me to take the Post Road to Baltimore?"

"Mr. Ferris," Foley Abell said, "I got a family. I don't want to do nothing that might make me lose my boat. I won't say anything. I—"

"I'm sorry, Abell," Gerry said. "We ain't got even half an hour on them. If we don't take your boat we got to take someone else's. If we could run it, I'd let you stay here. Al knows motors but he don't know the water. He can't even swim."

"Who was it was talking about popping off?" Al said.

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"All right, I'll take you, Mr. Ferris," Foley said. "Only let Joe stay here. He's only sixteen."

"That would be nice," Al said. "That would be lovely. Then you could tell them all about it. Get in the boat, punk!"

Joe stepped into the boat.

"Listen," Gerry said to Al. "Maybe you should run the car into the water. They maybe won't catch up with us so quick. It's pretty deep in the creek, ain't it, Abell?"

"Right now, right off the bank there's eight feet of water," Foley Abell said. He stood near the motor, which had died.

Al put the gun in his pocket and went over to the car. A smaller automatic had suddenly appeared in Gerry's hand from a shoulder holster. He stood there, not pointing it at either of the Abells. In the growing light, Joe could see him clearly, a stocky, dark man with high cheekbones and a flat, blank face and thin, bloodless lips.

Al started the car. It lurched out of the mudhole, the left rear sagging from a broken spring. Al pulled out the hand throttle, left the car in first, let in the clutch pedal and jumped out. The car dove off the steep bank and was quickly covered by the water. It would take a person a while to notice it.

"Get going," Al said, jumping into the boat.

"The motor won't start," Foley Abell said, bent over it.

"Don't give us that stuff," Al said, going over to him.

"You look at it, Al," Gerry said. A shadow seemed to pass over his face.

"DON'T worry, I'll look at it," Al said. He pushed Foley out of the way and bent over the motor. "Where the hell would you be," Al said, "if I wasn't around when it comes to motors. Hell, you can't even drive a car."

"That's right," Gerry said. "Go on. Go right along and shoot off your mouth. Tell them everything you know."

"What they know won't ever make no difference," Al said, almost to himself. Foley heard him and the fear gathered in Foley's belly like a stone. He looked at a wrench near by but his eye, as though of its own volition, caught the dull gleam of the gun in Gerry's hand.

"If you'd give me that needle," Al said, louder, "I'd be all right."

"It's the last one," Gerry told him, "and you're apt to need it worse before we get some place you can get more."

"Some motor," Al said. "I never saw such a motor. You better be sure we got oars or something. They used this motor on the ark. Old man Noah himself. Two thousand boats down this neck of the woods, I bet, and you gotta pick out this one."

"It was the only place I know down here," Gerry said. "I been fishing here once. If you didn't take that road we wouldn't've had to do this."

The fear had gone from Joe Abell. Wise in knowledge of the river, he was yet naïve in other ways. "I know who you ones are," he said. "You're the ones who broke into the bank last night in Anacostia. The radio—"

"Well, well," Al said, looking up. "Aren't you the smart young feller, though!"

"Keep quiet, Joe," his father said.

"You keep quiet, kid, or you'll get hurt," Gerry said.

Al found where Foley Abell had disconnected the battery, made the connection and started the motor. He turned to Foley: "It couldn't be that you slipped that wire off, could it?"

Foley didn't answer. He and Joe could look fully at Al for the first time. They saw a slight man, dapper in dress, with a pale face whose features seemed to have shrunk toward each other. A thin stubble of blond beard had begun to show. The hat was new with the brim pulled down. "Some dude," Joe thought.

The pale face before them seemed to break up and with a convulsive movement Al reached for the gun in his pocket.

"Don't!" Gerry called. Al paused, swaying a little. "This damn' kid, he stands there and he ain't afraid and you'd think he was somebody."

"All right," Gerry said, as though resigned to something. "You can have the needle now. Listen, Abell, you get that boat going (*Continued on page* 51)

"No one coming fishing'd come in that much hurry," the father said. He had grown tense

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He Serves Up America

By C. M. Black

Pare Lorentz takes our greatest river as his theme, or the dust bowl, or the fight against disease, and produces a great moving picture

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

Practically a one-man producing company is Pare Lorentz, whose fine movies are as American as the broad social problems around which he weaves them

IT WAS 2 A. M. and nobody in Hollywood was more asleep than King Vidor. He had gone through a tough day at the studio and he was due to resume activities at eight the next morning. So he was sleeping fast and furious when the shrill blast of the telephone woke him. Before he was half awake he had answered the phone and before he was awake enough to bawl out the person who had called at such an hour he was listening to an avalanche of words.

"Look, King," the voice boomed, "this is Pare Lorentz. I'm talking from the DeSoto Hotel in Dalhard, Texas. . . ."

"What are you doing down there?" Vidor said sleepily.

"I'm making the damnedest picture you ever saw, King," Lorentz shouted. "It's the kind of picture you always wanted to make. It's the story of a big part of America and what has happened to it. I'm calling it The Plow that Broke the Plains. It's about the dust bowl, King, and it's important. But I'm stuck. My cameramen think I'm ruining the picture. They want to quit. I've run out of money. I have no technical sound men here. I need money and I need cameramen and I need advice. Will you help me out?"

"Well, Pare, I'd like to . . ."

"I knew you would," Lorentz shouted happily. "I'll hop a plane and be in Hollywood in twelve hours."

Lorentz went to Hollywood. He lived with Vidor and used Vidor's car and at night he'd be in Chasen's or the Beachcomber's and directors and producers would say, "Hya, Pare. Good to see you." That was swell all right, except the next day when he phoned their offices they were never in. Lorentz was making the first serious motion picture ever made by the government of the United States. But the Hollywood bigwigs thought because it was sponsored by that awful Mr. R. that it must be a propaganda picture.

Silent-Picture Technique

That Mr. R. was doing all sorts of things to their industry. Why, the man actually encouraged unions and collective bargaining and other anarchistic ideas. They wanted no part of him. So they wouldn't answer the phone. John Ford would and so would Lewis Milestone and a few others, but Lorentz wanted to get some shots of a bountiful harvest in the then destitute plain areas and they didn't have any for him.

Word finally got to Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who was lobbying for the picture industry. She put in a few phone calls to Hollywood to remind them that their tight little community, technically at least, was still in the United States and how about giving Mr. Lorentz a little co-operation. Grudgingly they did. Finally he got the harvest shots he wanted. He got a few helpers from Vidor, a few bucks here and there and then he went back to finish The Plow that Broke the Plains.

Pare Lorentz was definitely in the picturemaking business. Since then he has done two others, The River and the current The Fight for Life. There are a lot of people who think Pare Lorentz makes the best pictures in the world. Lorentz will not admit the indictment. He does admit, however, that his technique is a bit different from that of most Hollywood directors.

"I'm old-fashioned," Lorentz admits. "I like the silent-picture technique. Often actions and music can talk more effectively than mere words."

Lorentz is so old-fashioned that he is brand-new. In The Fight for Life there are three-minute sequences where not a word is spoken but the music, used not as a background but as the predominating medium to explain more clearly the pantomime on the screen, heightens the suspense as no words could do.

A One-Man Campaign

In the early 1920's Lorentz was a kid out of Clarksburg, West Virginia, who had come to New York with only vague and unformed plans as to how he would work out his destiny. In a general sort of way he wanted to earn a living, which was necessary, and he wanted to listen to music, which wasn't a necessity but was just something he liked to do. He got a job running a trade magazine and then he got a job with Judge. Eventually, he became movie critic for that magazine.

In those days moving pictures were usually reviewed by office boys or girl reporters six months out of school. Only two New York newspapers had capable critics who realized that pictures were more than "movies." Jack Cohen of the Sun and Dick Watts of the Herald Tribune were revolutionary enough to believe that pictures were potentially a new and important artistic medium.

(Continued on page 38)

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The Devil Beats His Wife

By Edwin Lanham

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CROSMAN

Missing money brightens the outlook of a boy who cherished a humble dream

AS THEY climbed the steep hill, the white-haired old man with his left sleeve pinned up and the small Negro boy, Shad was so churned up inside that he could not speak. Uncle Rob stared ahead toward the crest of the hill with a fixed squint, like a man looking at a star in a daylight sky, and he seemed strangely different from the Uncle Rob who carried on long and aimless conversations with the boy as he did the chores around the Wilkins house, where Shad's mother was the family cook.

Shad had learned a lot from Uncle Rob. He had learned that frost always followed a tipped new moon, that you had to plant potatoes in the dark of the moon, that the sun shining through rain meant that the devil was beating his wife, yet he had never known before where Uncle Rob went when he started off with the shovel over his shoulder. But today as he left the yard Uncle Rob had glanced at the boy as he squatted under a chinaberry tree and said, "Shad, you want to come along?"

Shad was excited, for as long as he could remember he had seen Uncle Rob go digging, but he was a little scared, too, as anyone should be when venturing beyond the range of his perceptions into the major mysteries. He trailed behind the old man as they came to the top of the hill. He saw a stunted oak tree and a cactus plant with its prickly fruit purple in ripeness, and the rest was tall, soft grass.

Uncle Rob suddenly dropped the shovel and stood looking down at the ground with a curious, secret smile. There was a hole in the grassy soil, about five feet long and three feet deep, with a soft bank of turned earth on one side of it. Shad looked down at the bottom of the hole. If he had seen a skeleton he would not have been surprised. But there was nothing.

"Well, Shad, let's go to work," the old man said. He clambered stiffly into the pit and looked up at Shad. He held out his one hand and Shad took it. The boy shut his eyes and held his breath as he jumped, and then his bare toes spread on the soft dirt at the bottom. Uncle Rob reached for the shovel.

"You and me will just team up, Shad," he said. "You take and guide the shovel and I'll push it. You reckon you can guide it?"

"Sho I kin," Shad said.

The boy bent over and put both hands on the staff of the shovel. Uncle Rob threw his weight against the handle and the blade sank deep, deep into the reddish earth. Shad helped to lift the head of the shovel and toss the dirt out of the pit, then he guided it back for another shovelful. He did not feel scared any more, and it wasn't as exciting as he had thought it would be, just digging a hole.

"Uncle Rob," he said. "What you diggin' fo'?"

The old man smiled. "Gold, Shad."

"Gol'?" Shad considered, and looked down at the earth under his bare toes.

"Yes, sir," said Uncle Rob. "A gunnysack full of gold. A long time ago there was a train robber by the name of Sam Bass. He took a bagful of gold double eagles off the Union Pacific and rode down here with it. But the law was after him and he took and buried it here."

Shad looked down again. "Right here, Uncle Rob?"

"Somewhere hereabouts, Shad. I already dug over yonder by that scrub oak, and down there by that big rock. Right here ought to be a likely place. Yes, sir, a gunnysack full of gold, Shad, about fifty, sixty thousand dollars, I reckon."

"I guess dat's a heap er money, ain't it?" Shad asked. "I guess you could buy a double dozen supercoaster bikes wif dat."

"Anyhow a double dozen," the old man said. He paused to rub his sleeve along his forehead. "You got your heart set on a bike, Shad?"

"Honin' ain't gwan hurt me none," Shad said with the adult air with which he parroted phrases of his mother.

"I TELL you what," Uncle Rob said, with a visionary smile. "When we find that gold I'll take and buy you a bike."

Shad's eyes opened wide and his breath whistled through his teeth. His eyes searched Uncle Rob's face.

"I don't know, though," Uncle Rob said, and Shad's heart sank. "Maybe we ain't digging in the right place."

Shad's body was tense and his throat had stiffened so that he could hardly speak. "Come we fine it," he said. "You jus' jokin', Uncle Rob. You jus' jokin' 'bout dat bike. . . . Ain't you?"

"No, sir," Uncle Rob said. "I ain't joking at all, Shad."

The boy's hands tightened on the shovel. "Let's us dig some mo'."

"Well, maybe a little more," Uncle Rob agreed. "All right, Shad, you get busy and guide for me."

The old man's fingers closed on the handle of the shovel and he threw his weight against it. The blade bit deep into the earth and Shad bent to pull it clear with both hands. He grunted and said, "Uncle Rob, come we fine it, what you gwan do?"

Uncle Rob leaned on the shovel and the curious, secret smile curved his gray lips again. "Me, Shad? Well, I ain't sure. I ain't made up my mind. Maybe I'll pick up and go back to Tennessee. Maybe I'll just travel around the world, where I won't have no back yard and no cows to milk nor sewing machines to fix. No more of that. It'll just be all front lawn and somebody else to mow it."

He nodded his head and pushed on the handle of the shovel. Shad guided the blade, and as he lifted it he slipped to his knees and the red earth stuck to his overalls. Uncle Rob chuckled and said, "Say, now, I expect we've done enough work for one day."

SHAD raised his intent face, shiny in the sunlight. "I ain't tired, Uncle Rob."

"Ain't you?" The old man smiled. "But I am, Shad, and time is passing. I expect we better start on home." He tossed the shovel out on the grass and climbed out of the hole.

The Negro boy scrambled up after him. Uncle Rob picked up the shovel and swung it over his shoulder. He started down the hill toward the creek road, and Shad followed slowly.

On the white dust of the road Shad came alongside the old man, peered up at him. "Uncle Rob, befo' you goes away, you ain't gwan fogit?"

"Forget what, Shad?"

"Dat supercoaster bike." Shad's eyes were anxious.

Uncle Rob paused on the steel bridge over the creek and spat into the sluggish water. "Shad, you got my promise on that," he said. "You're going to have the finest bike money can buy, with shiny handle bars and a leather seat and a horn that honks."

"An' red wheels?" Shad asked.

"And red wheels."

The boy capered along the bridge, picked up a stone and threw it as hard as he could at a stick in the creek that might have been a water moccasin. "A supercoaster," he shouted. "Yeah, man, wif red wheels an' a honk horn an' a head lamp. An' a head lamp, Uncle Rob?"

"You bet a head lamp, Shad."

"You know what I gwan do?" Shad's teeth shone in his black face. "I gwan take my bike and ride all de way clean to de county seat an' back, first thing, an' I gwan honk ever'body off'n de

(Continued on page 48)

"Here we go," Uncle Rob said, and he gave the bicycle a push. Shad yelled. The handle bars wobbled and shook, and then the grass came up to meet him

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Ivory from Cuba

Continued from page 19

the lunch counter, instead of waiting to eat on the Pullman diner. In Washington they lived at a boardinghouse.

It was at this boardinghouse last year that several Washington rookies began to toss the bewildered Cubans around. Above the din of crashing furniture and the howls of the landlady the Cubans learned that they were being slugged because Ortiz had "forgotten his place."

Ortiz and Monteagudo departed soon after that, Ortiz to Charlotte and Montague—as Cambria pronounces it—to Springfield. That left Estalella and Carrasquel. In the latter, Cambria had presented to Washington the game's first South American. And a more forbidding-looking character than Carrasquel never climbed over the rail of a Spanish galleon with a dagger in his teeth. His fierce, saddle-colored face makes him look forty, but through interpreters he has said that he is 27, 28 and 29. It depends on his mood and the interviewer.

Old Mose Grove took a piercing gander at Carrasquel one day last season, spat reflectively, and bayed:

"If that guy's a rookie, I'm Paderoosky. I betcha a hat I pitched against him in an exhibition game in Cuba in 1924."

Carrasquel Shows 'Em

Cambria signed Carrasquel during the 1938-1939 winter. He had been a pitcher in the Havana Winter League for a number of years. At least, his mature technique indicated as much.

His first start was a relief role against the Yanks, and a man never broke into baseball under less auspicious conditions. The bases were filled, the game was close and Joe DiMaggio was up there at the plate.

Carrasquel fastened on DiMaggio the fishy stare of a man who has never seen or met the man confronting him. The Washington catcher, Angelo Giuliani, the team's official interpreter, walked out to the mound to warn Carrasquel about the hitter. The name DiMaggio made no impression on Carrasquel. He got ready to pitch, while the Washington infielders got ready to duck—then proceeded to make DiMaggio pop up weakly to end the Yankee rally.

A few days later he did the same thing in another relief performance, with Joe Gordon as his victim. He became a sensation.

In his first three games as a starter, Carrasquel beat the Tigers, Browns and Athletics. He gave the Tigers four hits, the Browns five and the A's four. He cooled off after that, for he had left a lot of his strength in Cuba.

If baseball's anti-Latin element thought it had scored one for its side, when Estalella, Ortiz and Monteagudo were demoted in 1939, Cambria quickly disillusioned it. The intrepid scout combed Cuba last winter with old Joe Rodriguez, an ex-Giant, as his adviser. And he brought six Cubans to Washington's training camp at Orlando. Three of them he virtually kidnaped off a Cuban gunboat. They had been selected by the Cuban Sports Commission, a Batista agency, and were scheduled to be presented to the Cincinnati Reds in Tampa, via gunboat.

These were Jorge Torres, a thick-legged little outfielder; Louis Minzal, a catlike third baseman, and Arturo Castro, a six-feet-one right-handed pitcher who was so green that Washington immediately re-routed him to Greenville. Torres has been sent to Springfield and Minzal was left in Orlando to ripen.

Ortiz has been returned once again to Charlotte, where he is undergoing the rigors of forgetting how to pitch and learning how to be an outfielder. This transformation got under way last year, after extreme wildness had nullified such early-season feats as beating Detroit's $75,000 rookie thrower, Hutchinson. Ortiz was coming along fine in the Charlotte outfield, and hitting more than .300, when his skull was fractured by a thrown ball while running out a double play.

At this writing, only one Latin remains on the Washington roster. He is Monteagudo. Early this season, Washington sent him to Jersey City as a part of the deal whereby Washington was inflicted with Zeke Bonura. But he won a couple of games there with his pinch-hitting and the Senators grabbed him back—giving up Carrasquel and Gilberto Torres. Gilberto, who is no relation to Jorge Torres, has been knocking around the minors for six years. He is a big, stringy pitcher and son of Ricardo Torres, who caught for Washington in the early '20's. He has a chance.

"It's so nice for a man to have a hobby— It keeps him occupied"

CHARLES PEARSON

Monteagudo looks as if he would have been better cast as a fattish, romantic, guitar strummer. He won a certain grudging respect from the Washington regulars in the spring of 1938 when he held the Senators to two hits in nine innings of an exhibition game against the Washington farmhands. The Senators brought him up late that season and he beat the Red Sox in his first big-league start. He was one of the sensations of the Eastern League with Springfield last season.

Cuban players have been coming here for more than forty years and a surprising number of them have had the talent and the gumption to make good. But only a few have ever been paid a just salary. Among this handful would be Luque, Mike Gonzalez, Joe Rodriguez and perhaps Armando Marsans, all of them persevering individualists.

In their relations with fellow players they were (and all Cubans are) handicapped by a rather widespread inability on the part of American ballplayers to differentiate between Cuban and Negro athletes. This dates back to the turn of the century when the first of the Cuban immigrants usually played here with Negro teams. The immortal Cuban Giants—popularly known as the Cubian Giants—had only one Cuban on the roster around 1900. He was John Garcia, the catcher, who dropped dead one day while chasing a foul fly during a semipro game. The remainder of the team was Negro.

Two Who Stayed

The first full Cuban team to make any impression on the American public was a semipro outfit imported in 1911 by a Long Branch, New Jersey, promoter for the amusement of the resort's summer colony. That same year Clark Griffith, then making the Cincinnati Reds, imported the fabulous Rafael Almeida, a rich young Cuban third baseman who smoked dollar cigars, had his own chauffeur-valet and who brought along his own interpreter. The interpreter was Armando Marsans. One day the eagle-eyed Griffith saw the interpreter shagging flies in the outfield, for exercise, and immediately signed him. And Marsans lasted in the big leagues for years after Almeida was forgotten.

The mainstay batter of that Long Branch outfit of nearly thirty years ago was Luque and his willowy receiver, Miquel Angel Gonzalez, called Mike Gonzales. Gonzalez, who was one day to add a deathless phrase to the American language (he summed up a so-so rookie in a blunt telegram to John McGraw in this way: GOOD FIELD. NO HIT.) went from Long Branch to the Braves and then served the Cincinnati Reds for years. He finished his playing career with the Cardinals in 1933 and today he is a power in that organization, though his role is only that of a coach.

The abuse he suffered in the more southerly minors whetted Luque's native temper. He was brutally ridden by the bench "jockeys" on rival National League clubs, and they'd torment him into flinging back at them all the bizarre profanity he had picked up while serving in the Cuban army as a youth. But he found even better ways of quieting his tormentors. With a second-rate Cincinnati team behind him in 1923 he won twenty-seven games and lost only eight. With a little better support his record would have been thirty-one and four. His earned run average that season was a bleak 1.93.

He appeared in the only world series of his long career in 1933. Bill Terry had picked him up the year before and had gotten some fine relief pitching out of him. But none of it was finer than the bit he turned in in the tenth inning of the final game of the series against Washington. The Senators had the tying and winning runs on bases and Griffith Stadium was madly demanding that Joe Kuhel, Washington first baseman who was at bat with two out, do something about it.

He Gave Him Numbaire Two

Terry called time and strolled over to the mound where old Adolfo was fidgeting. He knew that Luque had been in there pitching his heart out since the sixth inning, when he relieved Hal Schumacher. He was afraid Luque was tiring—so afraid, in fact, that he had Carl Hubbell warming up in the bullpen in case Kuhel hit or was walked.

"Pops," Terry said to Luque, "if you get this guy out we win the series. You've got two strikes on him. Can you finish him?"

Luque wiped a nervous hand across his creased brown pan. "Beel, you leeson to Poppa," he wheezed. "I see you in the clawhouse (clubhouse) queeck!" Terry walked back to first base and Luque struck out Kuhel with a vicious "sinker" which Kuhel missed by a good foot.

"I feexed heem! I feexed heem!" Luque kept yelling as he ran for the clubhouse. "I geev heem Numbaire Two!"

Today Luque is a political power in Cuba and one of its two or three all-time national heroes. Gonzales, too, is a hero—an opulent one with a fine home, a chauffeur and fighting cocks. Cuban youths know their records better than an American kid knows the record of Babe Ruth.

The fame of these conquistadores is a tremendous incentive to young Latin-American ballplayers. They look up to them as gods, and are either oblivious to or unmindful of the fact that the road they traveled was no bed of roses. A Havana newspaper printed a story this spring that one of the Cuban rookies with Washington had to work out without socks, because Cambria was away and the Washington club would not trust the rookie with the socks until he could raise the fifty cents. The article brought a few expressions of indignation, but Cuban youth in general was not impressed. All young Cuban players can be counted upon to cup a willing ear to the horrible pidgin-Spanish of the talkative Cambria, when next he comes to the island looking for bargain-counter ivory.

And "Poppa Joe," who sometimes wears a Washington baseball cap with his street clothes, has a moist fountain pen. He will get every able-bodied Cuban ballplayer in sight—cheap.

Unless Judge Landis gets *him* first.

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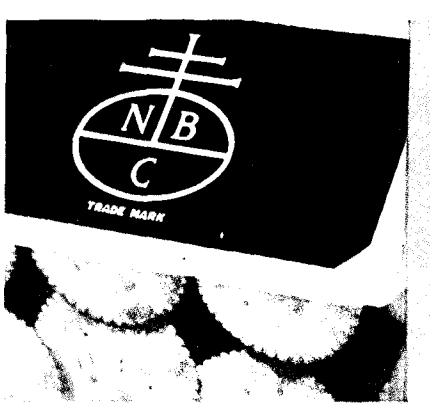

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The Patriotic Murders

Continued from page 10

something, some nuance in the chairman's manner.

There had been, once or twice, a shortness, an acerbity, in his tone—quite uncalled for by the proceedings.

Some secret worry, perhaps? But somehow Rotherstein could not connect a secret worry with Alistair Blunt. He was such an unemotional man. He was so very normal. So essentially British.

There was, of course, always liver . . . Mr. Rotherstein's liver gave him a bit of trouble from time to time. But he'd never known Alistair to complain of his liver. Alistair's health was as sound as his brain and his grasp of finance. It was not annoying heartiness—just quiet well-being.

And yet—there was *something*—once or twice the chairman's hand had wandered to his face. He had sat supporting his chin. Not his normal attitude. And once or twice he had seemed actually—yes, *distrait*.

They came out of the board room and passed down the stairs.

Rotherstein said:

"News is good today. Two more German destroyers sunk. Can't give you a lift, I suppose?"

Alistair Blunt smiled and shook his head.

"My car's waiting." He glanced at his watch. "I'm not going back to the city." He paused. "As a matter of fact I've got an appointment with the dentist."

The mystery was solved! *Toothache!*

HERCULE POIROT descended from his taxi, paid the man and rang the bell of 58, Queen Charlotte Street.

After a little delay it was opened by a boy in page-boy's uniform with a freckled face, red hair, and an earnest manner.

Hercule Poirot said:

"Mr. Morley?"

There was in his heart a ridiculous hope that Mr. Morley might have been called away, might be indisposed, might not be seeing patients today. . . . All in vain. The page boy drew back, Hercule Poirot stepped inside, and the door closed behind him with the quiet remorselessness of unalterable doom.

The boy said:

"Name, please?"

Poirot gave it to him, a door on the right of the hall was thrown open and he stepped into the waiting room.

It was a room furnished in quiet good taste. On one of the chairs sat a military-looking gentleman with a fierce mustache and a yellow complexion. He looked at Poirot with an air of one considering some noxious insect. It was not so much his gun he looked as though he wished he had with him as his insect spray. Poirot, eying him with distaste, said to himself, "In verity, there are some Englishmen who are altogether so unpleasing and ridiculous that they should have been put out of their misery at birth."

The military gentleman, after a prolonged glare, snatched up the Times, turned his chair so as to avoid seeing Poirot, and settled down to read it.

Poirot picked up Punch.

He went through it meticulously but failed to find any of the jokes funny.

The page boy came in and said, "Colonel Arrowbumby?"—and the military gentleman was led away.

Poirot was speculating on the probabilities of there really being such a name, when the door opened to admit a young man of about thirty.

As the young man stood by the table, restlessly flicking over the covers of magazines, Poirot looked at him sideways. An unpleasant and dangerous-looking young man, he thought, and not impossibly a murderer. At any rate he looked far more like a murderer than any of the murderers Hercule Poirot had arrested in the course of his career.

The page boy opened the door and said to mid-air:

"Mr. Peerer."

Rightly construing this as a summons to himself, Poirot rose. The boy led him to the back of the hall and around the corner to a small lift in which he took him up to the second floor. Here he led him along a passage, opened a door that led into a little anteroom, tapped at a second door and without waiting for a reply opened it and stood back for Poirot to enter.

"Come, come, Ivan— If you <u>like</u> this country, why don't you go back where you came from?" ERNIE GARZA

Poirot entered to a sound of running water and came around the back of the door to discover Mr. Morley washing his hands with professional gusto at a basin on the wall.

THERE are certain humiliating moments in the lives of the greatest of men. It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet. To that may be added that few men are heroes to themselves at the moment of visiting their dentist.

Hercule Poirot was morbidly conscious of this fact.

He was a man who was accustomed to have a good opinion of himself. He was Hercule Poirot, superior in most ways to other men. But in this moment he was unable to feel superior in any way whatever. His morale was down to zero. He was just that ordinary, that craven figure, a man afraid of the dentist's chair.

Mr. Morley had finished his professional ablutions. He was speaking now in his encouraging professional manner.

Hardly as warm as it should be, was it, for the time of year? News was fair, on the whole—

Gently, still talking, he led the way to the appointed spot—to the chair! Deftly he played with its head rest, running it up and down.

Hercule Poirot took a deep breath, stepped up, sat down and relaxed his head to Mr. Morley's professional fiddlings.

"There," said Mr. Morley with hideous cheerfulness. "That quite comfortable? Sure?"

In sepulchral tones Poirot said that it was quite comfortable.

Mr. Morley swung his little table nearer, picked up his little mirror, seized an instrument and prepared to get on with the job.

Hercule Poirot grasped the arms of the chair, shut his eyes and opened his mouth.

"Any special trouble?" Mr. Morley inquired.

Slightly indistinctly, owing to the difficulty of forming consonants while keeping the mouth open, Hercule Poirot was understood to say that there was no special trouble. This was, indeed, the twice yearly overhaul that his sense of order and neatness demanded. It was, of course, possible that there might be nothing to do. . . . Mr. Morley might, perhaps, overlook that second tooth from the back from which those twinges had come. . . . He *might*—but it was unlikely—for Mr. Morley was a very good dentist.

Mr. Morley passed slowly from tooth to tooth, tapping and probing, murmuring little comments as he did so.

"That filling is wearing down a little—nothing serious, though. Gums are in pretty good condition, I'm glad to see." A pause at a suspect, a twist of the probe—no, on again, false alarm. He passed to the lower side. One, two—on to three? "The dog," Hercule Poirot thought in confused idiom, "has seen the rabbit!"

"A little trouble here. Not been giving you any pain? Hm, I'm surprised." The probe went on.

Finally Mr. Morley drew back, satisfied.

"Nothing very serious. Just a couple of fillings—and a trace of decay on that upper molar. We can get it all done, I think, this morning."

He turned on a switch and there was a hum. Mr. Morley unhooked the drill and fitted a needle to it with loving care.

"Guide me," he said briefly, and started the dread work.

It was not necessary for Poirot to avail himself of this permission, to raise a hand, to wince, or even to yell. At exactly the right moment, Mr. Morley stopped the drill, gave the brief command, "Rinse," applied a little dressing, selected a new needle and continued.

PRESENTLY, while Mr. Morley was preparing the filling, conversation was resumed.

"Have to do this myself this morning," he explained. "Miss Nevill has been called away. You remember Miss Nevill?"

Poirot untruthfully assented.

"Called away to the country by the illness of a relative. Sort of thing that *does* happen on a busy day. I'm behindhand already this morning. The patient before you was late. Very vexing when that happens. It throws the whole morning out. Then I have to fit in an extra patient because she is in pain. I always allow quarter of an hour in a morning in case that happens. Still, it adds to the rush."

Mr. Morley peered into his little mortar as he ground. Then he resumed his discourse:

"I'll tell you something that I've always noticed, M. Poirot. The big people—the important people—they're always on time—never keep you waiting. Royalty, for instance. Most punctilious. And these big city men are the same. Now this morning I've got a most important man coming—Alistair Blunt!"

Mr. Morley spoke the name in a voice of triumph.

Poirot, prohibited from speech by several rolls of cotton wool and a glass tube that gurgled under his tongue, made an indeterminate noise.

Alistair Blunt! Those were the names that shrilled nowadays. Not dukes, not earls, not prime ministers. No, plain Mr. Alistair Blunt. A man whose face was almost unknown to the general public—a man who only figured in an occasional quiet paragraph. Not a spectacular person.

Just a quiet, nondescript Englishman who was the head of the greatest banking firm in England. A man of vast wealth. A man who said Yes and No to governments. A man who lived a quiet, unobtrusive life and never appeared on a public platform or made speeches. Yet a man in whose hands lay supreme power.

Mr. Morley's voice still held a reverent tone as he stood over Poirot ramming the filling home.

"Always comes to his appointments absolutely on time. Often sends his car away and walks back to his office. Nice, quiet, unassuming fellow. Fond of golf and keen on his garden. You'd never dream he could buy up the whole country. Just like you and me."

A momentary resentment rose in Poirot at this offhand coupling of names. Mr. Morley was a good dentist, yes, but there *were* other good dentists in Lon-

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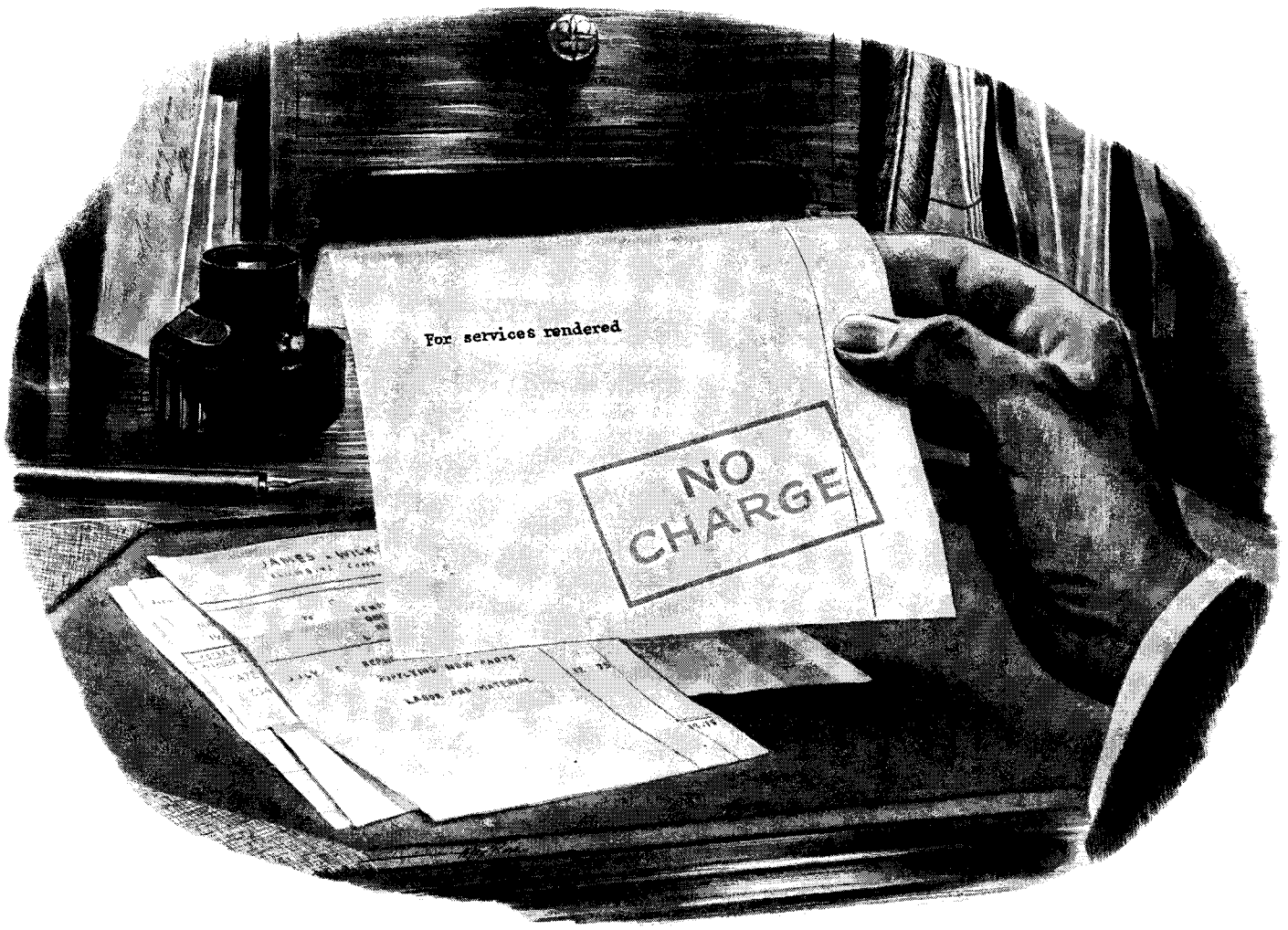

Something you don't have to pay for

YOUR LIFE INSURANCE POLICY is a contract between the Company and you. The Company wishes not only to fulfill the terms of that contract, but to perform every reasonable service that may increase your policy's value to you and your family.

As evidence of this, you will find a "Notice to Policyholder" printed plainly on the back of most Metropolitan policies. If you will read this notice, you will find that it is not necessary to employ any person to collect the insurance payable under your Metropolitan policy, to obtain any information about your policy, or to secure any of the benefits which that policy provides. The Company wishes to pay every proper claim without delay.

All that is necessary is to get in touch with your Metropolitan agent, or with the manager of your District Office. If this is not convenient, write directly to the Home Office in New York City, or to the Pacific Coast Head Office in San Francisco.

Whenever you have a question about your policy, it is advisable to consult your Metropolitan agent first. It is his responsibility to help you solve your insurance problems, and to serve you efficiently, sympathetically, and intelligently . . . and *without additional charge* of any kind.

Following are a few of the many instances in which your Agent's help is available for the asking.

Settlement of Death Claims or other Benefits. Except for notary fees, there is no need for a beneficiary to pay a fee for preparation of claim papers or the papers necessary for other benefits. Your Metropolitan Agent will give you any assistance that may be necessary in preparing and filing such papers, and will help to arrange for prompt payment of the claim.

Analyzing or checking your insurance program. Your Metropolitan Agent will co-operate with you in seeing that your insurance fulfills the purpose for which you bought it. If there have been any changes in your economic status, or in your family obligations, your Agent will help you work out a plan to make your insurance program cover them.

Explaining Retroactive Benefits on Liberalized Policies. Metropolitan, in common with other companies, has made liberalizing improvements through the years, particularly in Industrial policies. Each improvement has been of advantage to the policyholder. Wherever possible, these additional benefits have been made retroactive, so that if you own an old policy, you may be entitled to certain benefits which this old policy does not contain in writing.

If you have an old policy on which you no longer pay premiums, you may wonder if it has any value. Such old policies often do have value. And, through voluntary action by the Company, many Weekly Premium policies have become eligible for cash surrender value if premiums on them were paid for at least three years, even though the policy terms require a longer premium-paying period.

Of course, nothing in this advertisement is intended to suggest that either you or your beneficiaries should refrain from consulting a trusted family advisor, or a competent and reputable attorney-at-law in case you, or your beneficiaries, feel the need of doing so.

One thing more. Even though you may have read your life insurance policy thoroughly, do so again . . . at once. Read it from beginning to end. Be certain that both you and your beneficiaries are familiar with its provisions. If there is anything that you, or they, do not understand, your Company's agent will be glad to explain—or, if you prefer, communicate with the Home office.

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This is Number 28 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the ***New York World's Fair*** *and at the* ***Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco.***

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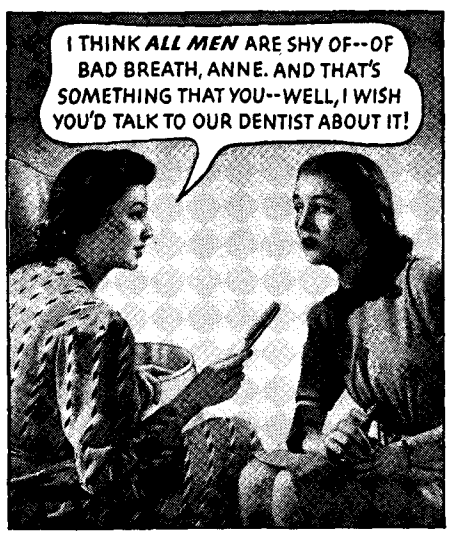
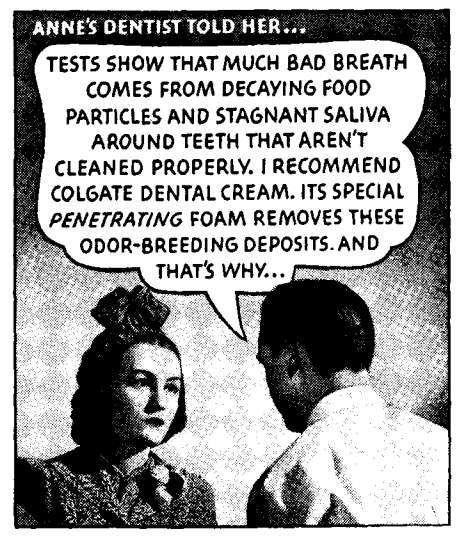
Just an inch and a half from a kiss!




ANNE'S DENTIST TOLD HER...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth...helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE
20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
NOW- NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

don. There was only *one* Hercule Poirot.

"Rinse, please," said Mr. Morley.

"It's the answer, you know, to Hitler and his gang," went on Mr. Morley as he proceeded to tooth number two. "That's the way we do things in this country. No fuss. No bulletproof glass and secret police and storm troopers. I've no doubt the Germans are fundamentally a decent lot. They've got into the hands of a gang. Blood and thunder instead of peaceful democratic methods. Even our king and queen are democratic. Of course a Frenchman like you, accustomed to the Republican idea—"

"I—ah nah a Frahah—I ah—ha a Benyon."

"Tchut—tchut—" said Mr. Morley sadly. "We must have the cavity completely dry." He puffed hot air relentlessly on it.

THEN he went on:

"I didn't realize you were a Belgian. Very interesting. Very fine people, the Belgians, so I've always heard. I'm a great believer in the tradition of royalty myself. The training is good, you know. Look at the remarkable way they remember names and faces. All the result of training—though of course some people have a natural aptitude for that sort of thing. I, myself, for instance. I don't remember names, but it's remarkable the way I never forget a face. One of my patients the other day, for instance—I've seen that patient before. The name meant nothing to me—but I said to myself at once, 'Now where have I met you before?' I've not remembered yet—but it will come back to me—I'm sure of it. Just another rinse, please."

The rinse accomplished, Mr. Morley peered critically into his patient's mouth.

"Well, I think that seems all right. Just close—very gently. . . . Quite comfortable? You don't feel the filling at all? Open again, please. No, that seems quite all right."

The table swung back, the chair swung around.

Hercule Poirot descended, a free man.

"Well, goodby, M. Poirot. Not detected any criminals in my house, I hope?"

Poirot said with a smile:

"Before I came up, everyone looked to me like a criminal! Now, perhaps, it will be different!"

"Ah, yes, a great deal of difference between before and after! All the same, we dentists aren't such devils now as we used to be! Shall I ring for the lift for you?"

"No, no, I shall walk down."

"As you like—the lift is just by the stairs."

Poirot went out. He heard the taps start to run as he closed the door behind him.

He walked down the two flights of stairs. As he came to the last bend, he saw the Anglo-Indian colonel being shown out. Not at all a bad-looking man, Poirot reflected mellowly. Probably a fine shot who had killed many a tiger. A useful man—a regular outpost of Empire.

He went into the waiting room to fetch his hat and stick which he had left there. The restless young man was still there, somewhat to Poirot's surprise. Another patient, a man, was reading Field.

Poirot studied the young man in his newborn spirit of kindliness. He still looked very fierce—and as though he wanted to do a murder—but not really a murderer—thought Poirot kindly. Doubtless, presently, this young man would come tripping down the stairs, his ordeal over, happy and smiling and wishing no ill to anyone.

The page boy entered and said firmly and distinctly:

"Mr. Blunt."

The man at the table laid down the magazine and got up. A man of middle height, of middle age, neither fat nor thin. Well-dressed, quiet.

He went out after the boy.

One of the richest and most powerful men in England—but he still had to go to the dentist just like anybody else, and no doubt felt just the same as anybody else about it!

These reflections passing through his mind, Hercule Poirot picked up his hat and stick and went to the door. He glanced back as he did so, and the startled thought went through his mind that that young man must have a very bad toothache indeed.

In the hall Poirot paused before the mirror there to adjust his mustache, slightly disarranged as the result of Mr. Morley's ministrations.

He had just completed its arrangement to his satisfaction when the lift came down again and the page boy emerged from the back of the hall whistling discordantly. He broke off abruptly at the sight of Poirot and came to open the front door for him.

A taxi had just drawn up before the house and a foot was protruding from it. Poirot surveyed the foot with gallant interest.

A neat ankle, quite a good quality stocking. Not a bad foot. But he didn't like the shoe. A brand-new patent-leather shoe with a large gleaming buckle. He shook his head.

Not chic—very provincial!

The lady got out of the taxi, but in doing so she caught her other foot in the door and the buckle was wrenched off. It fell tinkling onto the pavement. Gallantly, Poirot sprang forward and picked it up, restoring it with a bow.

Alas! Nearer fifty than forty. Pince-nez. Untidy yellow-gray hair—unbecoming clothes—those depressing art greens! She thanked him, dropping her pince-nez, then her handbag.

Poirot, polite if no longer gallant, picked them up for her, and she went up the steps of 58, Queen Charlotte Street.

IT WAS a quarter to three when the telephone rang.

Hercule Poirot was sitting in an easy chair happily digesting an excellent lunch.

He did not move when the bell rang but waited for the faithful George to come and take the call.

"*Eh bien?*" he said, as George, with a "Just a minute, sir," lowered the receiver.

"It's Chief Inspector Japp, sir."

"Aha?"

Poirot lifted the receiver to his ear.

"How goes it?" he said.

"That you, Poirot?"

"Naturally."

"I hear you went to the dentist this morning? Is that so?"

Poirot murmured:

"Scotland Yard knows everything!"

"Man of the name of Morley. 58, Queen Charlotte Street."

"Yes." Poirot's voice had changed. "Why?"

"It was a genuine visit, was it? I mean you didn't go to put the wind up him or anything of the sort?"

"Certainly not. I had three teeth filled, if you want to know."

"What did he seem like to you—manner much as usual?"

"I should say so, yes. Why?"

Japp's voice was rigidly unemotional.

"Because not so very much later, he shot himself."

"What?"

Japp said sharply,

"That surprises you?"

"Frankly, it does."

Japp said:

"I'm not too happy about it myself . . . I'd like to have a talk with you. I suppose you wouldn't like to come around?"

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"Where are you?"

"Queen Charlotte Street."

Poirot said:

"I will join you immediately."

IT WAS a police constable who opened the door of 58. He said respectfully:

"M. Poirot?"

"It's I, myself."

"The chief inspector is upstairs. Second floor—you know it?"

Hercule Poirot said:

"I was there this morning."

There were three men in the room. Japp looked up as Poirot entered.

He said:

"Glad to see you, Poirot. We're just going to move him. Like to see him first?"

A man with a camera who had been kneeling near the body got up.

Poirot came forward. The body was lying near the fireplace.

In death Mr. Morley looked very much as he had looked in life. There was a little blackened hole just below his right temple. A small pistol lay on the floor near his outflung right hand.

Poirot shook his head gently.

Japp said: "All right, you can move him now."

They took Mr. Morley away. Japp and Poirot were left alone.

Japp said:

"We're through all the routine. Fingerprints, etc."

Poirot sat down. He said:

"Tell me."

Japp pursed up his lips. He said:

"He *could* have shot himself. He probably *did* shoot himself. There are only his fingerprints on the gun—but I'm not quite satisfied."

"What are your objections?"

"Well, to begin with, there doesn't seem to be any reason *why* he should shoot himself. . . . He was in good health, he was making money, he hadn't any worries that anyone knew of. He wasn't mixed up with a woman—at least," Japp corrected himself cautiously, "as far as we know he wasn't. He hasn't been moody or depressed or unlike himself. That's partly why I was anxious to hear what you said. You saw him this morning, and I wondered if you'd noticed anything."

Poirot shook his head.

"Nothing at all. He was—what shall I say—normality itself. When did the tragedy occur?"

"Can't say exactly. Nobody seems to have heard the shot. But I don't think they would. There are two doors between here and the passage and they have baize fitted round the edges—to deaden the noise from the victims of the dental chair, I imagine."

"Very probably. Patients under gas sometimes make a lot of noise."

"Quite. And outside, in the street, there's plenty of traffic, so you wouldn't be likely to hear it out there."

"When was it discovered?"

"Round about one-thirty—by the page boy, Alfred Biggs. Not a very bright specimen, by all accounts. It seems that Morley's 12:30 patient kicked up a bit of a row at being kept waiting. About 1:10 the boy came up and knocked. There was no answer and apparently he didn't dare come in. He'd got in a few rows already from Morley and he was nervous of doing the wrong thing. He went down again and the patient walked out in a huff at 1:15. I don't blame her. She'd been kept waiting three quarters of an hour and she wanted her lunch."

"Who was she?"

JAPP grinned.

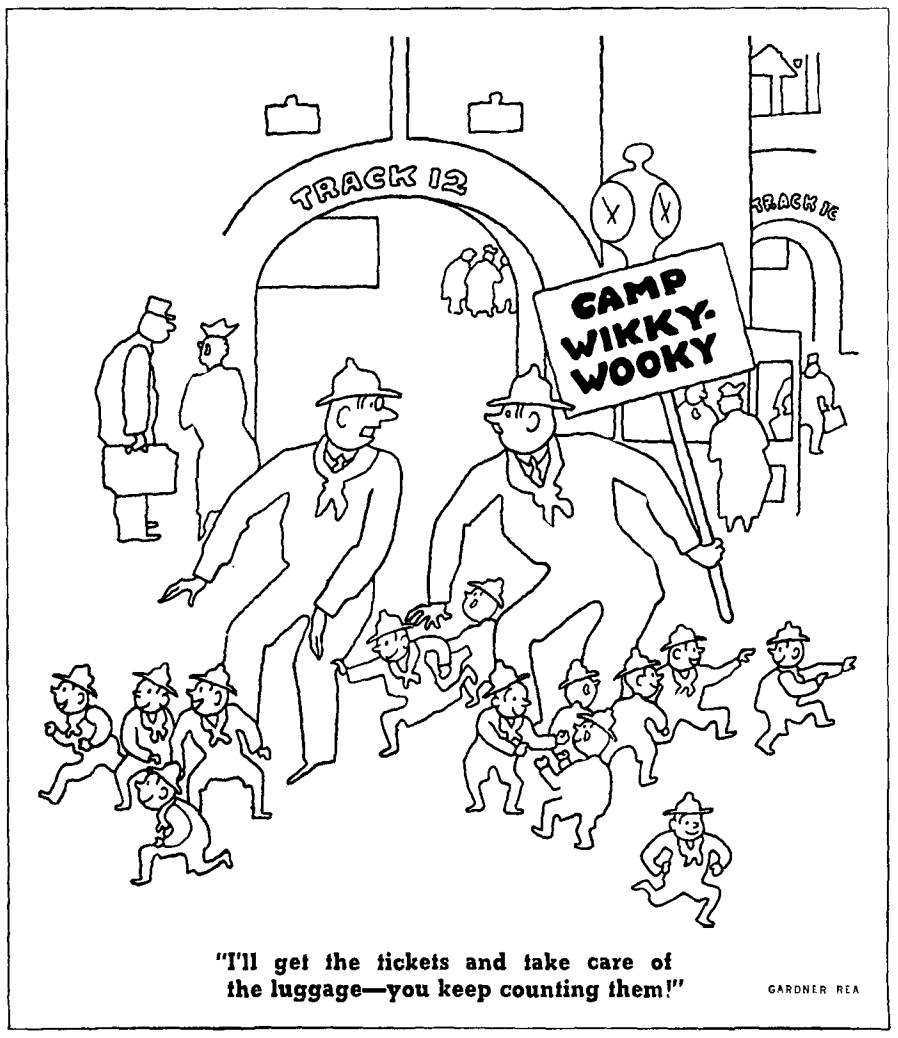
"According to the boy she was Miss Shirty—but from the appointment book her name was Kirby."

"What system was there for showing up patients?"

"When Morley was ready for his next patient he pressed that buzzer over there and the boy then showed the patient up."

"And Morley pressed the buzzer last?"

"At five minutes past twelve, and the boy showed up the patient who was waiting. Mr. Amberiotis, Savoy Hotel,



"I'll get the tickets and take care of the luggage—you keep counting them!" GARDNER REA

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

Barbara: Who are *you* to say I haven't any *pep appeal!*
Auntie: Dear! Dear! A little job for me.

Auntie: *Good* morning, children. Did I hear some one mention PEP? I was just thinking how *delicious* a bowl of KELLOGG'S PEP would taste for breakfast. And, you know, it's rich in two important vitamins. Vitamins for pep! Let's have some!

Auntie: Yes, my dears, there would be no pep in any of us—no what you call "oomph"—without vitamins. We need them all. And that delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is extra rich in *two of the most important ones*—vitamins B_1 and D.
Bob: Saay! This PEP *tastes* swell!

Barbara: Now that we've learned about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, just watch me become your "pep appeal" girl.
Bob: *Seems to me you have already!*

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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according to the appointment book."

"At what time did this Mr. Amberiotis leave?"

"The boy didn't show him out, so he doesn't know. . . . A good many patients just go down the stairs without ringing for the lift and let themselves out."

Poirot nodded.

Japp went on:

"But I rang up the Savoy Hotel. Mr. Amberiotis was quite precise. He said he looked at his watch as he closed the front door and it was then twenty-five minutes past twelve."

"He could tell you nothing of importance?"

"No, all he could say was that the dentist had seemed perfectly normal and calm in his manner."

"*Eh bien,*" said Poirot. "Then that seems quite clear. Between twenty-five past twelve and half-past one something happened—and presumably nearer the former time."

"Quite. Because otherwise—"

"Otherwise he would have pressed the buzzer for the next patient."

"Exactly. The medical evidence agrees with that for what it's worth. The divisional surgeon examined the body—at twenty past two. He wouldn't commit himself—they never do nowadays—too many individual idiosyncrasies, they say. But Morley couldn't have been shot *later* than one o'clock, he says—probably considerably earlier—but he wouldn't be definite."

Poirot said thoughtfully:

"Then at twenty-five minutes past twelve our dentist is a normal dentist, cheerful, urbane, competent. And after that? Despair—misery—what you will—and he shoots himself."

"It's funny," said Japp. "You've got to admit, it's funny."

"Funny," said Poirot, "is not the word."

"I know it isn't *really*—but it's the sort of thing one says. It's odd, then, if you like that better."

"Was it his own pistol?"

"No, it wasn't. He didn't have a pistol. Never had had one. According to his sister there wasn't such a thing in the house. There isn't in most houses. Of course he *might* have bought it if he'd made up his mind to do away with himself. If so, we'll soon know about it."

Poirot asked:

"Is there anything else that worries you?"

JAPP rubbed his nose.

"Well, there was the way he was lying. I wouldn't say a man *couldn't* fall like that—but it wasn't quite *right* somehow! And there was just a trace or two on the carpet—as though something had been dragged along it."

"That, then, is decidedly suggestive."

"Yes, unless it was that dratted boy. I've a feeling that *he* may have tried to move Morley when he found him. He denies it, of course, but then he was scared. He's that kind of young ass. The kind that's always putting their foot in it and getting cursed, and so they come to lie about things almost automatically."

Poirot looked thoughtfully around the room.

At the washbasin on the wall behind the door, at the tall filing cabinet on the other side of the door. At the dental chair and surrounding apparatus near the window, then along to the fireplace and back to where the body lay; there was a second door in the wall near the fireplace.

Japp had followed his glance.

"Just a small office through there." He flung open the door.

It was, as he had said, a small room, with a desk, a table with a spirit lamp and tea apparatus and some chairs. There was no other door.

"This is where his secretary worked," explained Japp. "Miss Neville. It seems she's away today."

His eyes met Poirot's. The latter said:

"He told me, I remember. That again—might be a point against suicide?"

"You mean she was *got* out of the way?"

Japp paused. He said:

"If it *wasn't* suicide, he was murdered. But why? That solution seems almost as unlikely as the other. He seems to have been a quiet, inoffensive sort of chap. Who would want to murder him?"

POIROT said:

"Who *could* have murdered him?"

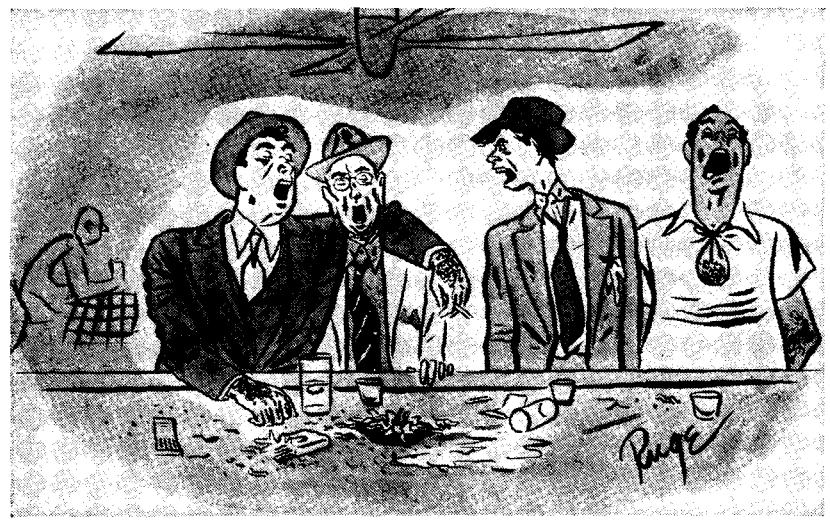
Japp said, "The answer to that is—almost anybody! His sister could have come down from their flat above and shot him, one of the servants could have come in and shot him. His partner, Reilly, could have shot him. The boy Alfred could have shot him. One of the patients could have shot him." He paused and said, "*And Amberiotis could have shot him*—easiest of the lot."

Poirot nodded.

"But in that case—we have to find out why?"

"Exactly. You've come around again to the original problem. Why? Amberiotis is staying at the Savoy. Why does a rich Greek want to come and shoot an inoffensive dentist?"

"That's really going to be our stumbling block. *Motive!* I think the first thing is to have another talk with Miss Morley. I've only had a word or two. It was a shock to her, of course, but she's the kind that doesn't break down. We'll go and see her now."



"Wait a minute! Wait a minute! We didn't start off right"

JOHN A. RUGE

Tall and grim, Georgina Morley listened to what the two men had to say and answered their questions. She said with emphasis:

"It's incredible to me—quite incredible—that my brother should have committed suicide!"

Poirot said: "You realize the alternative, Mademoiselle?"

"You mean—murder." She paused. Then she said slowly: "It is true—that alternative seems nearly as impossible as the other."

"But not *quite* as impossible?"

"No—because—oh, in the first case, you see, I am speaking of something I know—that is: my brother's state of mind. I *know* he had nothing on his mind—I *know* that there was no reason—no reason *at all* why he should take his own life!"

"You saw him this morning—before he started work?"

"At breakfast—yes."

"And he was quite as usual—not upset in any way?"

"He was upset—but not in the way you mean. He was just annoyed!"

"Why was that?"

"He had a busy morning in front of him, and his secretary and assistant had been called away."

"That is Miss Nevill?"

"Yes."

"What used she to do for him?"

"She did all his correspondence, of course, and kept the appointment book, and filed all the charts. She also saw to the sterilizing of the instruments and ground up his fillings and handed them to him when he was working."

"Had she been with him long?"

"Three years. She is a very reliable girl and we are—were both very fond *of her.*"

Poirot said: "She was called away owing to the illness of a relative, so your brother told me."

"Yes, she got a telegram to say her aunt had had a stroke. She went off to Somerset by an early train."

"And that was what annoyed your brother so much?"

"Ye-es." There was a faint hesitation in Miss Morley's answer. She went on rather hurriedly. "You—you mustn't think my brother unfeeling. It was only that he thought—just for a moment—"

"Yes, Miss Morley?"

"Well, that she might have played truant on purpose. Oh! please don't misunderstand me—I'm quite certain that Gladys would *never* do such a thing. I told Henry so. But the fact of the matter is, that she has got herself engaged to rather an unsuitable young man—Henry was very vexed about it—and it occurred to him that this young man *might* have persuaded her to take a day off."

"Was that likely?"

"No, I'm sure it wasn't. Gladys is a very conscientious girl."

"What does he do, this young fellow—what is his name, by the way?"

"Carter, Frank Carter. He is—or was—an insurance clerk, I believe. He lost his job some weeks ago and doesn't seem able to get another. Henry said—and I dare say he was right—that he is a complete rotter. Gladys had actually lent him some of her savings and Henry was very annoyed about it."

Japp said sharply: "Did your brother try to persuade her to break her engagement?"

"Yes, he did, I know."

"Then this Frank Carter would, quite possibly, have a grudge against your brother."

The grenadier said robustly:

"Nonsense—that is if you are suggesting that Frank Carter shot Henry. Henry advised the girl against young Carter, certainly; but she didn't take his advice—she is foolishly devoted to Frank."

"Is there anyone else you can think of who had a grudge against your brother?"

Miss Morley shook her head.

"Did he get on well with his partner, Mr. Reilly?"

Miss Morley replied acidly:

"As well as you can ever hope to get on with an Irishman!"

"What do you mean by that, Miss Morley?"

"WELL, Irishmen have hot tempers and they thoroughly enjoy a row of *any kind. Mr. Reilly liked* arguing about politics."

"That was all?"

"That was all. Mr. Reilly is unsatisfactory in many ways, but he was very skilled in his profession—or so my brother said."

Japp persisted: "How is he unsatisfactory?"

Miss Morley hesitated, then said acidly: "He drinks too much—but please don't let that go any further."

"Was there any trouble between him and your brother on that subject?"

"Henry gave him one or two hints. In dentistry," continued Miss Morley didactically, "a steady hand is needed."

Japp bowed his head in agreement. Then he said: "Can you tell us anything of your brother's financial position?"

"Henry was making a good income and he had a certain amount put by. *We each had a small private income of* our own left to us by our father."

Japp murmured with a slight cough, "You don't know, I suppose, if your brother left a will?"

"He did—and I can tell you its contents. He left a hundred pounds to Gladys Nevill, otherwise everything comes to me."

"I see. Now—"

There was a fierce thump on the door. Alfred's face then appeared around it. His goggling eyes took in each detail of the two visitors as he ejaculated:

"It's Miss Nevill. She wants to know if she may come in."

Japp nodded and Miss Morley said: "Tell her to come here, Alfred."

GLADYS NEVILL was a tall, fair, somewhat anemic girl of about twenty-eight. Though obviously very upset, she at once showed that she was capable and intelligent.

Under the pretext of looking through Mr. Morley's papers, Poirot and Japp got her away from Miss Morley down to the little office next door to the surgery.

She repeated more than once:

"I simply *cannot* believe it! It seems quite incredible that Mr. Morley should do such a thing!"

She was emphatic that he had not seemed troubled or worried in any way.

Then Japp began: "You were called away today, Miss Nevill—"

She interrupted him.

"Yes, and the whole thing was a wicked practical joke! I do think it's awful of people to do things like that. I really do."

"What do you mean, Miss Nevill?"

"Why, there wasn't anything the matter with Aunt at all. She'd never been better. She couldn't understand it when I suddenly turned up. Of course I was ever so glad—but it did make me mad. Sending a telegram like that and upsetting me and everything."

"Have you got that telegram, Miss Nevill?"

"I threw it away, I think, at the station. It just said: *Your aunt had stroke last night stop Please come at once.*"

(To be continued next week)

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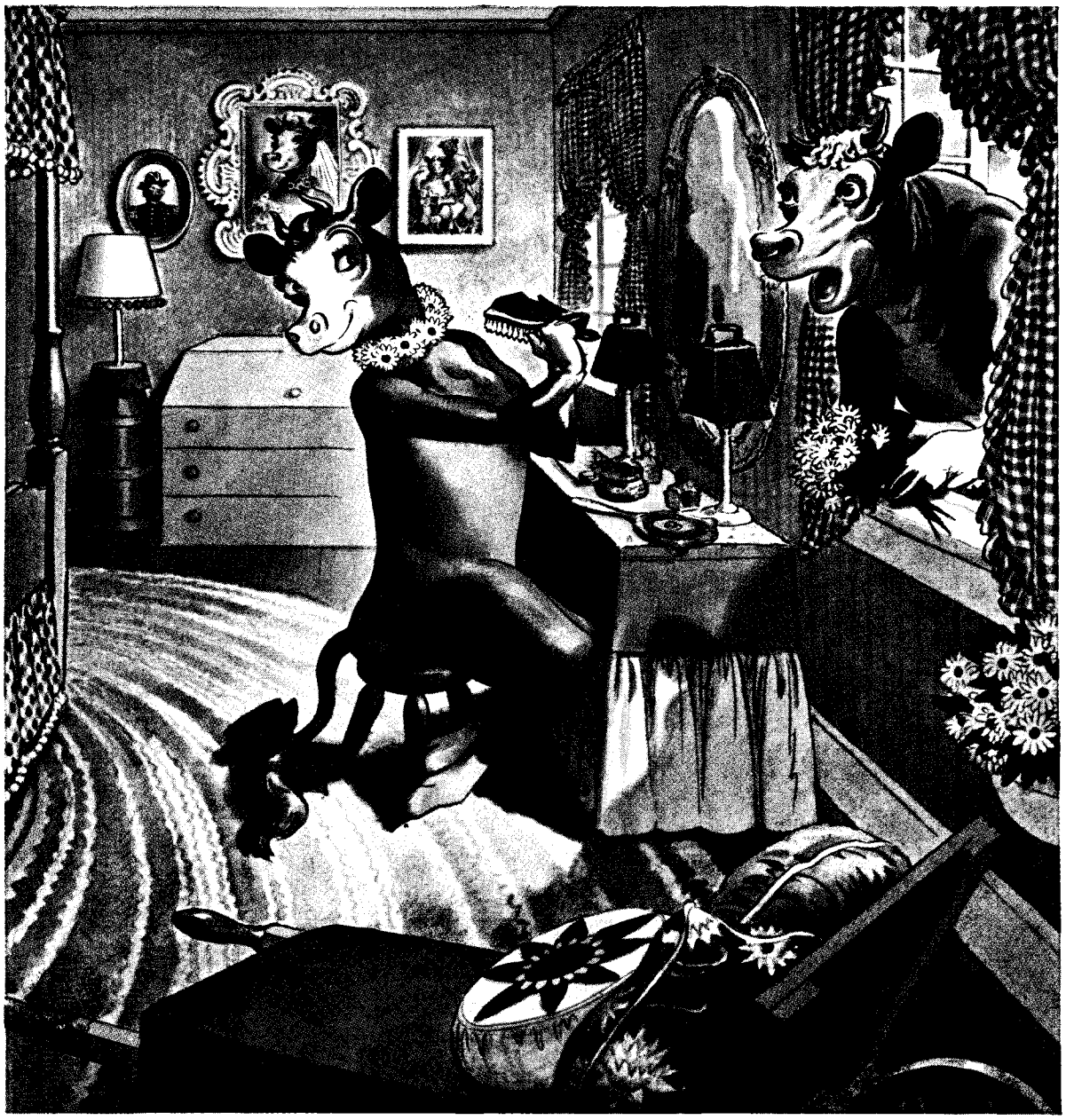


From Barn to Boudoir, *or the Rise of Elsie the Cow*

ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW, was toying with a hairbrush in her wonderful new boudoir at the *New York World's Fair.*

She was terribly excited about the room, but trying hard to look nonchalant.

Elmer, the Bull, cleared his throat and said, "Some place, eh? Even better than we had last year."

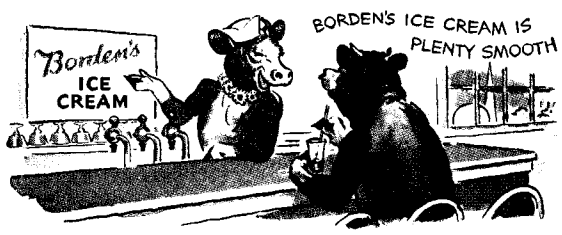
"Why shouldn't it be?" Elsie replied. "I was the hit of the Fair last year. I expect a couple of million more

people will want to shake hoofs with me this summer. To think that I owe all this to my milk!"

"And to The Borden Company," Elmer grunted. "After all, Elsie, they really brought you here just to give visitors a fancy-dress version of how well you live back home."

"Also to show how many important products are made from my milk," Elsie added. "Like ice cream."

"I've never tasted ice cream," murmured Elmer. "Is it as good as clover?"



"Better!" exclaimed Elsie. "*Borden's* Ice Cream is about a *million times* better... rich... smooth... unbelievably *pure.* Ask the young veterinarian who checks my health. Ask the scientists in the lab. Ask all those other folks who account for Borden's 'Quality Control'.

They know that Borden's Ice Cream and the other Borden products are as good and pure as can be made."

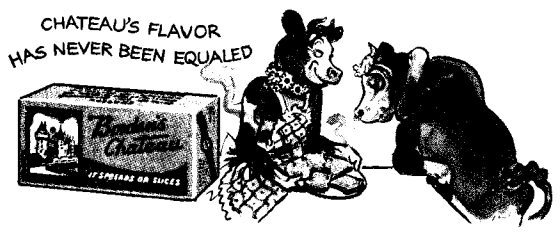
"What are the other products, Elsie? The last time you told me, I was reading the funnies."

"Well," said Elsie, "for one thing, there's *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.* Cooking magic starts when you pour it out of a can. It creates cake frostings and cookies and candies that would make even the Trylon's mouth water.

"And," she went on excitedly, "there's *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk,* too. It's used by smart housewives in mashed potatoes and casserole dishes. Doctors also approve it for babies. It's rich in the bone-building, 'sunshine vitamin,' Vitamin D."

"Come down off the soap box, Elsie," smiled Elmer. "You'll get so excited you'll curdle your milk."

"Humph," declared Elsie, "some of my milk *is* deliberately curdled by experts... that's what happens to all milk that is made into cheese. One of the most



delicious cheese foods is *Borden's Chateau,* made to an old Canadian recipe that lots of people have tried to imitate, but can't. Mmmm, but it's good!"

"Gee, Elsie," said Elmer, "there *is* a lot more to you than milk. I can see why Borden's show you off in the boudoir. But, even if you are a big shot, how about a tour of the Fair this noon?"

"Gladly," Elsie smiled. "But you'll have to promise to buy me a glass of *Borden's Malted Milk.* Now that I'm a celebrity, I have to watch my school-girl figure, so I've taken up the habit of the Hollywood stars. They drink Borden's Malted Milk daily as the mainstay of a light lunch... it's so nourishing and satisfying. And, what's more, it's the malted milk the Quints drink."

"I'll have one, too," Elmer said, "provided it's good."

"Good?" exclaimed Elsie. "*If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

Be sure to see Elsie in her Boudoir at the Borden Building, New York World's Fair.

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Occupation: Widow

Continued from page 18

"I don't know. I have a sister. I can go to her. She is very poor and has a large family but there are always potatoes enough." Maria had always seemed so strong, so confident. Now she wavered and looked lost.

"Let me give you some money," Carola said, annoyed at her own helplessness.

"No, thank you."

Carola forced money into her hand.

Maria gathered up her few things and without a word went to the front door, opened it, then, from the hallway, gestured to Carola. "Come here," she whispered, "come out here where it's safe to talk. You must be careful, Fräulein. You've been kind to me and I'm ashamed to have deceived you. I had to tell Herr Blaerchen everything you were doing. Be careful of him, Fräulein, don't marry him!"

"Why should you say that?" Carola found herself whispering, too.

"He expects to marry you. He told me so. He said, 'I'm going to marry her, Maria, so take good care of her.' That's what he said when he sent me to you. He said, 'She's going to be my wife.' Don't tell him I told you, please, but don't marry him. The things that used to go on in his house when Fritz and I worked there!" She began to cry again, as if vividly recalling her husband. "Terrible things! Terrible things with women, all kinds of women! Don't marry him! Run away like I am doing, Fräulein."

She ran down the stairs.

CAROLA came back quickly to the room. In a few minutes, perhaps, police sent by those who listened on the microphone would be here to arrest Maria. She went to the wall and rubbed her hand on it but she could feel nothing unusual. Then, sudden panic chilled her. She tried desperately to recall any conversation she had ever had in this room, wishing she could remember exactly what had been said but her mind was almost a blank. As for the conversation with Froscetti, she could explain that to Blaerchen somehow. Perhaps she had said nothing to arouse suspicion. Then she felt colder and more frightened; perhaps Blaerchen was only waiting until she involved herself more deeply.

There was no sound outside of any police arriving. She rubbed her hand again over the wall. One of Blaerchen's plans for her, at least, was clear! Here he had a place where people might come, where Carola could be a gracious hostess, where people could talk trustfully—and be overheard.

She felt nauseated. No matter what Blaerchen might do, she would not continue to work for him!

He came fifteen minutes later. There was nothing relaxed or genial in his manner now. "You look upset, Carola," he said coldly. "What's the matter?"

He might not yet have received any report about Maria and the microphone. "Maria just left here. She had news today that her husband was killed at the front."

"That's too bad!" He might have been reacting to the news of the death of a neighbor's dog.

"She felt particularly upset," Carola said slowly, "because you had promised her that Fritz would not be sent to the front."

"Does she think I have nothing more to do than look out for the whereabouts of her husband? She should be proud of him. Other women have lost husbands."

Carola said nothing. This was the way she expected him to react.

The telephone rang and Carola answered.

A man asked, "Has Herr Blaerchen arrived yet?"

Blaerchen had a long conversation, listening carefully and saying very little. When he finished he turned to Carola. "You must have had quite a time with Maria."

"Yes, I did." Blaerchen had probably just had a report of the whole conversation. That made it unnecessary to speak of the microphone. He could guess now that she knew of it.

He did not mention it. "I'm sorry she upset you. Where did she go?"

"She spoke of having relatives somewhere." Carola was purposely vague.

Blaerchen seemed to make a note of it. Then he said bluntly, "I didn't come to talk about her."

Carola would not wait for any questions. Taking the offensive might give her courage, no matter what Blaerchen might ask about Froscetti. She began, "I was somewhat disturbed here last night."

"There was a holdup at the Elite Flower Shop tonight, Butch. I don't suppose you'd know anything about it?"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Blaerchen nodded. "I know about that."

"Did you tell those men to call?" That was an angry question.

He did not answer directly. "What they asked you to do was very important. I'm sorry it didn't come off."

"That was a dreadful thing to ask me to do."

Blaerchen caught Carola's tone. "I'm sorry you take that attitude." Then, abruptly: "Why did you send Froscetti away so suddenly?"

That was the question he had come to ask! His face showed his suspicion. She would have to be careful. "Partly because he was beginning to make love to me and I thought it best for him to go."

Blaerchen smiled slightly as if that pleased him. "The young gentleman has that reputation." He looked undecided. "But he left so suddenly. Why?"

"I sent him home partly because I was upset by the call. After all, I had no proof that it was genuine. If it had been your voice—!" Here was a chance to play on his conceit. "How was I to know but that the call came from enemies of yours?"

He nodded but said, "You didn't tell him what was said on the telephone?"

Carola looked defiant, "If I had done so, your microphone would have told you."

HER answer amused him. He laughed. When he laughed his eyes never wavered and joined in. His laughter made her angrier. "That telephone call had neither decency nor taste."

"Decency and taste are luxuries we can't afford today," he answered sharply. He came over to her slowly. "I don't know whether you are telling the truth about last night or not. I'd like to believe you, Carola. There are ways to find out about that later."

If that was intended to frighten her, it did not work. She was icy calm. Then she felt him put his hand on her shoulder and that casual gesture was more frightening than any threat. "I don't want anything to come between us," he said gently.

For a second Carola wondered whether some official was overhearing this on the microphone. He was very close to her now, towering over her. This would be as good as any time to tell him what she had decided. "I have made up my mind," she said quietly, "that I am not fit for the sort of work you want me to do."

Blaerchen looked at her as if he had not heard correctly. "I beg pardon."

"I want to stop this work."

"Why?" As he stepped back he was considering whether to be suspicious of that remark.

"I can't do it."

"That's very interesting." He was still assaying every word she said. Then, as if it would be a clue: "Did you decide this before lunching with Froscetti today?"

She should have remembered that her telephone was tapped and that he would know about lunch. This was still a game in which he was trying to justify his suspicions. It was still a game in which she had to be unafraid and to convince him that she was honest.

"I made my decision last night," she said coolly.

"By the way," he asked casually, "may I ask what Froscetti wanted to talk about at lunch?"

"That's rather personal."

"Really? Please go on."

She would have to chance his knowing the truth. "He wanted to continue the conversation where he left off last night, on his knees, so to speak."

"I'm glad that's all." He seemed content with that answer. "He is a young romantic fool." He looked satisfied, even pleased. Then he was quickly matter of fact: "Do you really want to leave this work?"

"I can't do it and I refuse to take more money." Waiting for his reaction, she was more nervous than at any time in the whole conversation.

He lit a cigarette. Then: "What will you do?"

"Franz Wagner has offered me work in a new cabaret." Now he knew her plans and she had to wait for his answer.

It was unexpected. "You will be the sensation of Berlin! Go ahead with it, *meine Liebchen!*"

She had expected an argument, even a refusal, and she had won his approval. Then she saw a look in his eyes, a calculating look, and she was really afraid. Still suspicious and eager either to have his suspicions removed or confirmed, he would let her do what she wanted, give her all the rope she needed to enmesh herself, to betray herself.

"Go back to singing if you will be happier," he said, coming close again. He studied her face, as if to read through it. "Your eyes are like blue hyacinths at times, Carola." His voice was softer. "I've always cared for you. I remember being so jealous when Paul married you." He laughed. "I guess that every man who knew you then was jealous. I know the strain you've been under since his death. I haven't wanted to press you but I would like to know how you feel toward me."

SHE could answer by questioning him about Paul's death and awaiting the consequences. That would be foolish and pointless and turn him at once into an active enemy, and more than confirm his suspicions. He was waiting for an answer and she had to say something. "You've been very kind to me."

He laughed at that. "That's what a blind lady might say to a Boy Scout or a *Hausfrau* to her neighbor. Is that as far as it goes?"

"It's been difficult for me to analyze my feelings in this new and strange Berlin," she said, hoping that that sounded sincere.

"Still evading me!" He did not seem annoyed. "When you know me better, *meine Liebchen—!* Suppose we run up to my country place for a day or so next week, just the two of us? You'll really get a chance to know me well."

Carola was sure of that and grabbed at the first excuse. "That will depend on Franz Wagner's plans for his night club."

"Of course." He balanced the fingers of one hand against the other. "I could suggest that you come with me in such a way that you would decide it was best for you to come." He said that so delicately! "But I would rather have you come willingly, as a woman in love with me."

She braced herself so as not to smile at that.

"I am conceited enough to think that

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MUM

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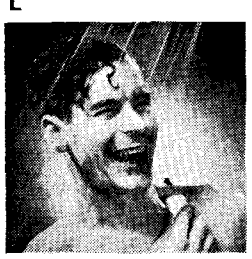

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The people you meet in business—and your family and friends—like you better when you avoid risk of underarm odor with Mum.

"Well, if it's going to take us two years to prepare, I don't see what we have to worry about now"

GARRETT PRICE

you will be, some day." Pointedly he added: "If I weren't, I shouldn't believe a word of your explanation about Froscetti last night."

It was not comforting to think what he might do if ever he found out that he was mistaken.

"I must go now," he said as if he regretted it. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing, thank you. By the way, I'm going to find a new apartment."

"What's the matter with this?" Blaerchen looked surprised.

"I don't like the furnishings," Carola said pointedly.

He laughed. "Let me know your new address at once."

When he was gone Carola could scarcely wait to get to the telephone. She was trembling and she had to hold the receiver tightly as if it were a means of escape.

"Herr Wagner is not in," a voice answered her. "He will be in his office tomorrow morning."

She sank in an armchair, exhausted.

SHE was alone now, as she had been alone in her decision to leave Blaerchen's employ. That loneliness was intolerable now, colored by the deepening fear that she had acted unwisely. To send a telegram to Karl asking him to meet her would take several hours. She considered going to him without any announcement; that could be dangerous and Karl had warned against it. Still, she could be very careful. It was unbearable to sit here, asking herself for advice and getting only familiar answers. After this Froscetti incident she could never be sure that her house was not watched, that every step she took was not reported. No one must know that she was trying to see Karl.

She left the house and moved along leisurely as if out for a walk. As far as she could tell no one followed her. At Kurfürstendamm she boarded a bus, rode a short distance, then got off and strolled around the block. No one followed her, on foot or by car.

Then she took a bus to Alexanderplatz and walked to Karl's apartment.

Its dinginess made no impression. She saw it only as a place where she could find help and advice. She had no certainty that Karl would be at home, but at least she would feel better for trying to see him. She knocked.

Karl opened the door. When he saw Carola his face showed surprise rather than pleasure. In the room behind him stood a large, red-faced man, and before Karl could say anything the man grinned and called out, "Come in, *meine Liebchen,* come in."

Karl looked embarrassed. "This is Herr Kreitz, the house warden."

"I didn't know you expected a lady," Kreitz said pleasantly. He was obviously drunk. "We were just talking, weren't we, Herr Dietrich? What was I saying? Oh, yes; here am I, a loyal Nazi, a member of the party since 1933, with a lower party number than most men in Berlin, and what do I get? A job as house warden, and not even enough to buy cigarettes, not even enough to buy a drink once in a while!"

Carola was sorry she had come because Karl looked embarrassed and concerned.

Kreitz continued: "Six years ago our leaders told us they were going to nationalize all the stores and all the factories, *nicht wahr? Ja wohl,* every store! I thought I might at least get to be manager of a store. I didn't ask for Wertheims, I just wanted a little store. Did I get it? *Nein!* Here I am in this old apartment house and miserably paid. *Mein Herr,* you will be surprised how miserable!"

"I'm sorry to hear it."

Something in Karl's voice brought Kreitz's voice up sharply. He had been genial; now he was suspicious. He saw Carola standing uncertain what to do and Karl uncertain what to say. He seemed to remember his official position. "Who is this woman?"

Karl had to say something and he jumped at an explanation that would least arouse Kreitz. "This is Fräulein Schmidt," he said, winking at Kreitz. "She is just a little *Maedchen.* I happened to meet her on Friedrichstrasse. She said she was lonely and needed cheering up."

"Ho! Ho! We'll cheer her up." He came closer to Carola. "You aren't married, with a husband off at the front?"

"No," Carola said quietly.

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Kreitz came closer to Carola and grinned at her. He saw Carola step back. "See here, Dietrich, she doesn't look like a street woman to me. Let me see your identification papers, Fräulein Schmidt."

"I haven't them with me," Carola said quickly.

"It's a serious offense to be out without them. How do I know you are Fräulein Schmidt?" He looked more suspicious than ever. "Which Fräulein Schmidt?"

Carola was watching him closely, appearing more and more uneasy. She said carelessly, "Why should you bother about papers at this time of the night, Herr Kreitz? Come on, let's all go to a *Kneipe* and get a drink."

"Sure." Krietz grinned. Then he looked at Carola again and frowned. "We'll go in a minute. I'm an expert on street women, and this one looks different. She has no papers. I'm going to call the police!"

"Wait a minute," Karl said desperately. "Why should you be so worried about her if she's what you say she is?"

Kreitz staggered to the door. "I'm going to telephone the police." He started down the stairs.

"I shouldn't have come, Karl, I know it," Carola began, "but I had to."

"I am glad you did." They could hear Kreitz banging on the staircase one step at a time.

"What shall we do?"

"Wait! There is no way out except by this staircase."

"Where is the telephone?"

"I don't know. It might be on the first floor and they can stop us if we try to go out."

The banging on the stairway below was less loud. Kreitz had only one more flight to go to the bottom.

"We'll wait a minute," Karl said going to the door, "then make a dash for it. If we are separated and I get into trouble, remember this telephone number." He gave her Klauss' number. "Say to the person who answers, 'Cousin Karl is not well.'" He walked to the door and listened. "Maybe we can make a break for it now. I'll tell the police tomorrow that you were frightened and ran away. They won't be able to prove anything."

He opened the door. Far below he heard steps again, of a man mounting the stairs.

"Listen," Carola said tensely, "he's coming back!"

LIKE two people fright-frozen, Karl and Carola waited motionless in the little room, while the noise on the stairs grew louder. Karl held tightly to her.

"Don't worry," he whispered.

Kreitz came in without knocking. "Look here," he said, panting for breath, "I was thinking—" There was clumsy cunning in his smile. "Maybe she is Fräulein Schmidt! Maybe not! Why should I worry? Will the police give me one drink of *schnapps* for all my trouble? *Nein!* Got any money?"

Karl looked relieved. He smiled at Carola to reassure her.

"Give me fifty marks and she can be the Kaiserin for all I care!" Kreitz laughed.

"I only have ten marks."

"Give it to me." He took it and laughed louder. The money went into a coat pocket. "That's better! No trouble for anybody, *nicht wahr?* If she is a street woman, the police would raise the devil for getting them out on such a cold night."

Noisier than ever, he went down the stairs.

"We'll wait a minute," Karl said tensely. Carola's face was pale and her weight was heavily against him. "Are you all right?"

"I'm all right," she said weakly.

"We'll get out of here at once."

Fifteen minutes later they entered a little barroom in the basement of an old building off Alexanderplatz. They sat silently at a rear table, as if nothing could be said until the memory of recent terrifying shock was less vivid.

"I'm sorry I was impulsive tonight," Carola said slowly, "but I had to see you."

"It's enough to know that you felt that." He reached for Carola's hand. There was tangible proof that they were together, for these few minutes at least.

THEN Carola told why she had come and Karl's hand tightened on her own while she talked of Blaerchen's call. "I shall get in touch with Franz Wagner in the morning," she said firmly. Then, after a pause: "I don't understand why Blaerchen was so willing to have me return to singing."

Karl frowned. "He's probably caught between wanting you and mistrusting you. Of course he'll let you do what you want—he's in love with you. Letting you do as you wish may give him a chance to see if his suspicions have any foundation." He felt her shiver and not because the barroom was unheated.

"Why do you tremble?"

"At the words 'love' and 'Blaerchen.'" Then she smiled as if no shadow threatened them. "We'll not talk about it. Are we safe here?"

"As safe as we can be anywhere."

She moved a little closer. Her soft hair was near his cheek, its perfume fresh and sweet. "When we were in your room, waiting for Kreitz to return, I felt as if we were the only two people in the world." Happy that she could feel so deeply, she said, "I wish we were."

"So do I." Karl saw a new warmth in her face. Here was Carola close to him at last, needing him. He wanted to tell her a hundred things, to say, "I love you, Carola," to stand between her and any worry forever after.

"If we were the only two people in the world—!" Carola continued.

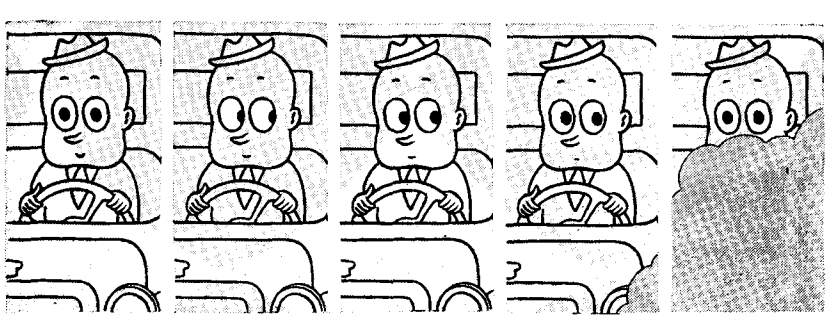
Up front a middle-aged barmaid was listening to a radio that blared soldier's songs. Even in a little barroom they were very much in a world that was crowded and hostile.

"What are you thinking?" Carola asked expectantly.

"That we aren't the only two people in the world."

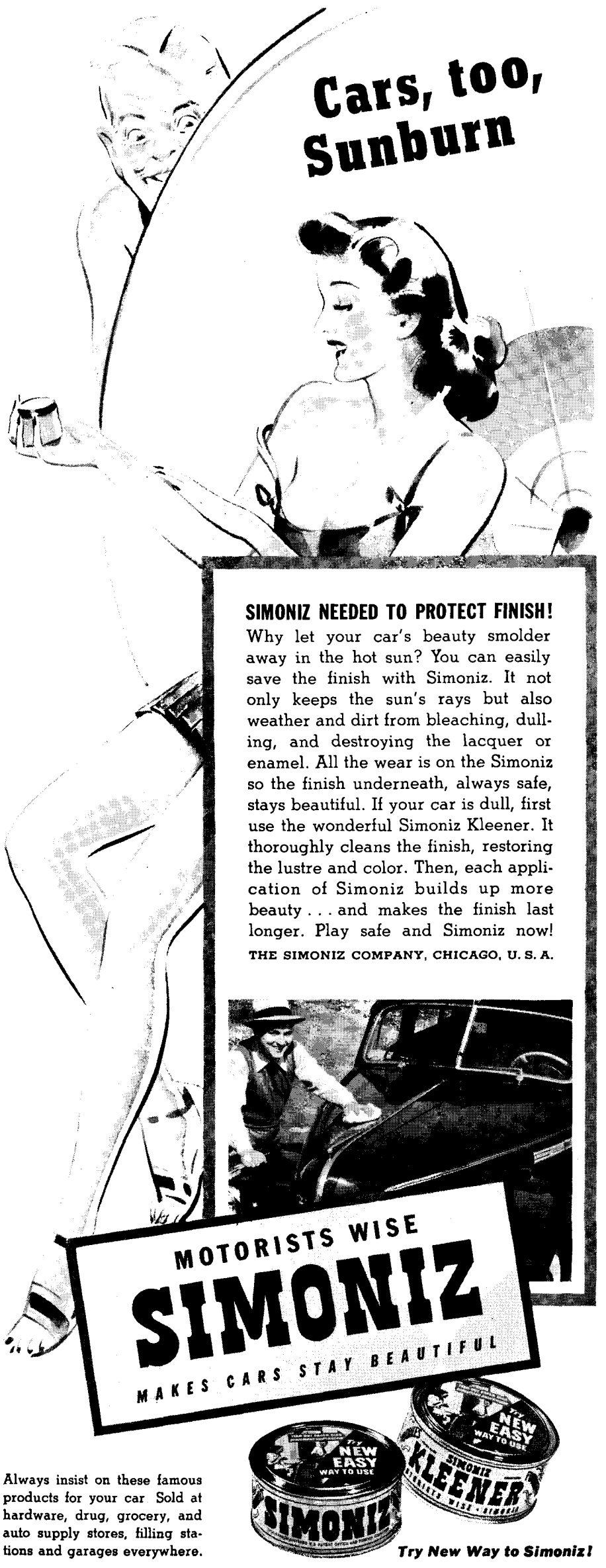
She nodded. "Blaerchen."

She did know and there was no need



Dirt Road

CROCKETT JOHNSON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to say anything more. Each of them knew that even a casual mention of that name lit like a flare the empty space that separated them, never to be crossed, never, so long as Blaerchen was in power.

In the front of the room the radio was now blurting news of the triumphs of Nazi troops. . . .

The barmaid, stout and fifty, came up to them. "I must close, *Meine Dame, Mein Herr!* It's too cold to stand around or sit around any longer, *nicht wahr? Ach,* why can't our scientists discover *ersatz* heat?" She laughed. "Home, *meine Kinder,* home! It's warmer in bed!"

Karl smiled at the woman's misinterpretation.

"We have had so little time together," Carola said as they left. "I don't want a day to pass, Karl, without our meeting, even if only for a moment. We can't have much but we must have that."

"But at my apartment, at yours—!"

"I know, those places are impossible. If I can just see you, talk with you, where no one pays attention to us!"

"If we meet in Wagner's office, even legitimately, people might be suspicious."

"That wouldn't be the same, anyway," she smiled. "But somewhere else—!"

Her insistence thrilled him. "Can't we meet each evening at seven at the Potsdamerplatz subway station? We shan't attract attention." That was a meager substitute for what they could have had in a blander world.

She said gladly, "I shall wait each day for seven o'clock!"

He took her home. On the way she asked, "Who is the man Klauss to whom you told me to telephone in trouble?"

"An old and wise friend of mine," he said. The thought of Underground work was one final reminder, if one was needed, for submerging the swelling desire to speak of love and marriage.

He went back to his room, too tired to sort out his mixed emotions. But the darkness and the cold did seem less unfriendly.

WHEN Karl walked to Wagner's office the next morning there was snow on the city streets. Yet the cold of the streets was better than the still cold of indoors. These were bad mornings; men ate in overcoats, worked in overcoats, slept in overcoats. They got little solid rest. Any casual passer-by was liable to be querulous and quarrelsome. This morning Karl paid little attention to anyone, remembering every word Carola had said the night before, recalling every gesture, every look.

He was pasting clippings in a huge scrapbook when the telephone in Wagner's inner office rang. In a few minutes Wagner burst out. "She's going to sing for me!" he shouted, laughing and trying to talk at the same time. "Carola Dirling's coming back!" Here was one happy man in Berlin! "I'm going to put her in the Sans Souci at the opening!" In his enthusiasm he began to make plans. "Order billboard ads at once! Get a costumer! Get an accompanist! Hurry!"

He went on, about new drapes, new lights, new decorating. Then he sat down, exhausted, but smiling happily.

"What shall I do first?" Karl asked. He could be happy, too; indirectly, he was working for Carola.

"I'll decide in a moment." Wagner was suddenly serious. "Why should she change her mind so abruptly? I don't understand that! It doesn't matter!" He stood up and took Karl by the arm. "Come into my office. We'll start detailed plans. We have little more than two weeks!"

Because of his experience at the Krokodil, Karl suddenly became important. He ran no more errands, delivered no more handbills, pasted no more clippings. Wagner consulted with him and went over every detail of Carola's opening. He thought of having her do something new, then decided against it. "Berlin is hungry for the good old days," he said emphatically.

"When were they?"

"Any day sufficiently remote from the present," Wagner answered. "And you can coach her in doing everything just as she used to do it."

Karl did not answer.

"What's the matter? Every time I mention Carola's name the strangest look goes over your face."

Karl did not want to reveal anything to him. "I think that as an ex-political prisoner, I had better stay far away from having anything to do with the cabaret. Carola can do well without me."

"As you wish," Wagner said carelessly. "Now, about painting the Sans Souci—!"

IN THE late afternoon Karl got away to his biweekly appointment with Schebeler. He went without any particular nervousness, his mind set rather on the thought of seven o'clock.

"Did you have any trouble last time?" Karl asked, remembering Schebeler's fright.

The little man shook his head. "No, *Gott sei dank!* No one bothered me!" He lowered his voice. "I have a small packet of news for you. It concerns some conversations held with certain Swedes."

"They may be useful." Karl took the envelope and wanted to leave at once.

"Don't go yet!" Schebeler looked like a little round-shouldered mouse, pleased at being out of his hole for a few minutes. "Have a glass of beer!"

"I really—!"

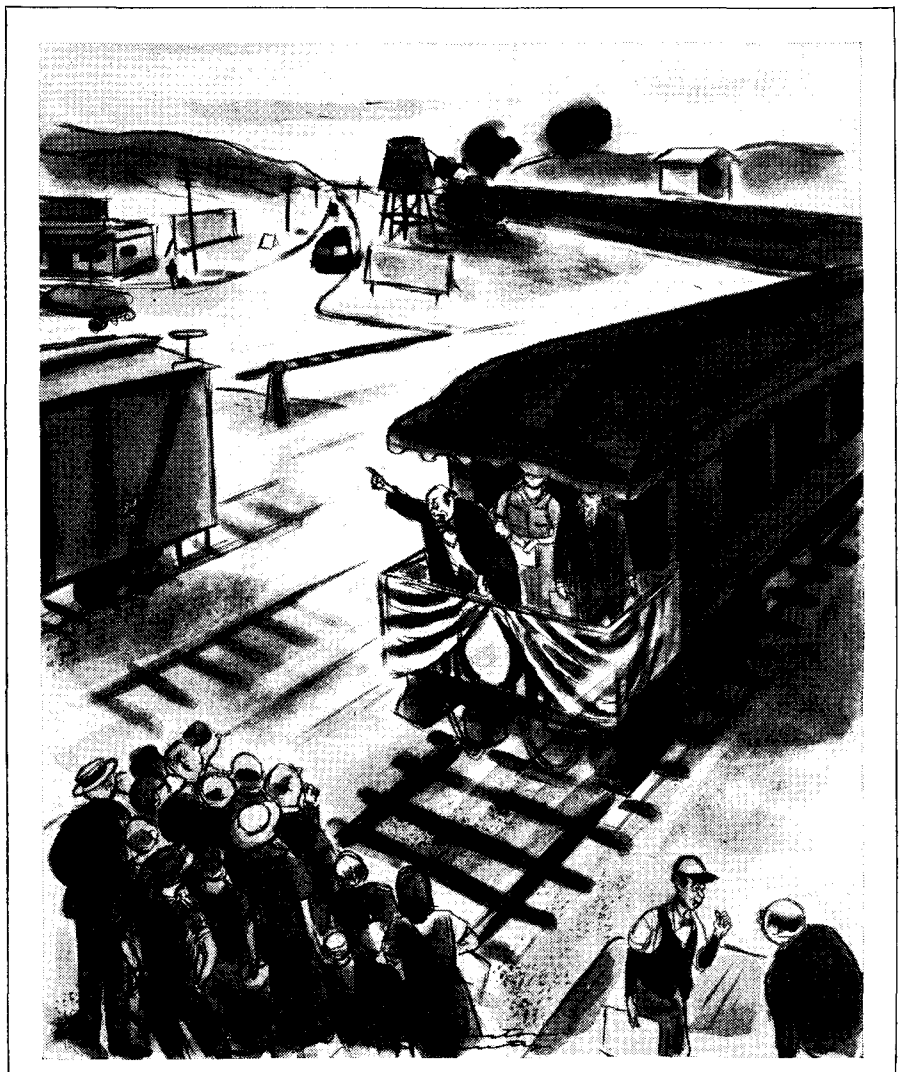
"Do wait a minute. I have some news about Blaerchen."

Karl waited.

"There has been much gossip in the Foreign Office about him and Praut, another of Ribbentrop's favorites. They had a terrible fight."

Carola had mentioned Praut and Karl recognized the name. "What did they fight about?"

"No one knows for a fact," the little man said meticulously, "but people assume it was about money. That's what the men in the Ribbentrop Bureau always fight about! Of course, it may be over Praut's getting a job that Blaerchen wanted." Even more confidentially he added: "There have been so many scandals! You should have heard about the rows among those worthies over the distribution of Polish, Czech, and Austrian estates! Each Nazi was sure some rival had gotten a better one. But none of them ever do as well as their boss! Ribbentrop got the best of all—an Austrian estate that used to belong to Fritz Thyssen's son-in-law. And they're all jealous of what Goering's men got."



"Senator or no senator—we've got to run this railroad on time!"

THURSTON GENTRY

Karl nodded absently. That threw little light on Blaerchen. As soon as he could he left, to deliver the envelope to Ranke. Then, in an hour, he would be with Carola.

He was at the accustomed place at the Friedrichstrasse station on time but Ranke did not appear. Even as slight a hitch as five minutes lateness might be a sign of something wrong. When fifteen minutes passed Karl was desperately anxious. All around people were hurrying to trains, paying no attention to him as he pretended to read a newspaper. Yet, if anything had happened to Ranke, someone among these passers-by might be watching. Nervously, he put his hand in his pocket and felt the envelope.

An old man, his coat collar close around his face, approached, as if coming to speak to him. For a second Karl wanted to run. Then he recognized the man. It was Klauss.

"Herr Dietrich!"

Klauss looked much older than when Karl had seen him before, older, worn by sleeplessness.

"I'm glad to see you," Klauss said. "My son-in-law couldn't come tonight. Let's walk for a short distance."

They went to the street. Klauss held to his arm.

Then Klauss asked abruptly, "Has my son-in-law been around to see you?"

"No," Karl said, sensing the anxiety in the man's question.

"He's been so restless and he spoke of wanting to talk with you. He can't understand the need for going slowly in anti-Nazi work. He won't understand that violence and terror do no good. The Underground must gain strength slowly—our enemies are still too strong."

"I haven't seen him." He felt sorry that anything should trouble a man like Klauss.

"I HAVE known him since he was a small boy. He married my daughter who died a year ago. He is like a son." Then, almost pleadingly: "If he comes to you try to make him see the foolishness of being rash. You've had a taste of concentration camp. He hasn't."

There was something else that Klauss, selflessly, did not mention. One false move by Ranke and the police would descend on every friend that Ranke had, and destroy all the work that Klauss had done.

"If I see him I'll do what I can," Karl said as they separated.

He went along the street worried, not to be free of worry until he crossed Potsdamerstrasse and came to the subway. All around were men hurrying to their wives, their homes, to some little fragment of intimate comfort, however small it might be. But none of them saw a lovelier waiting smile than Karl did on the face of Carola.

Arm in arm, together for a little while, they walked away.

This, then, was their love-making—a week of secret meetings in subway stations, on busses, on streetcars, anywhere that the meeting of a man and a woman would not attract untoward attention. Each meeting was as strained as it was happy, and each word between them was spoken to an obbligato of nervous worry, punctured by furtive glances behind, to see that no one had followed, that no one was watching, listening or unduly interested in them. In beer cellars and little bars on back streets they could talk freely of the present, of the songs Carola would sing, of the plans for the opening. Karl never mentioned his Underground work and at times Carola asked if he was worried about anything and keeping something from her. He turned the question with a smile.

They could talk of their past, of the days when Karl rehearsed two short farces each week for the Krokodil, when the song Carola sang one night was the song of the city the next day.

When they tried to speak of their own tomorrow and the day after and the day after that, they had to let silence speak for them, speak loudly, telling them what they both knew: that, so long as they stayed in Germany, so long as Blaerchen was in power, they could hope for nothing more than this. To put hopes into words was tempting but too painful, so they sat side by side, in a dark corner of a cold and badly lit cellar room, glad to be together for a little while, saying little, preferring to let silence speak truthfully for them.

(To be continued next week)

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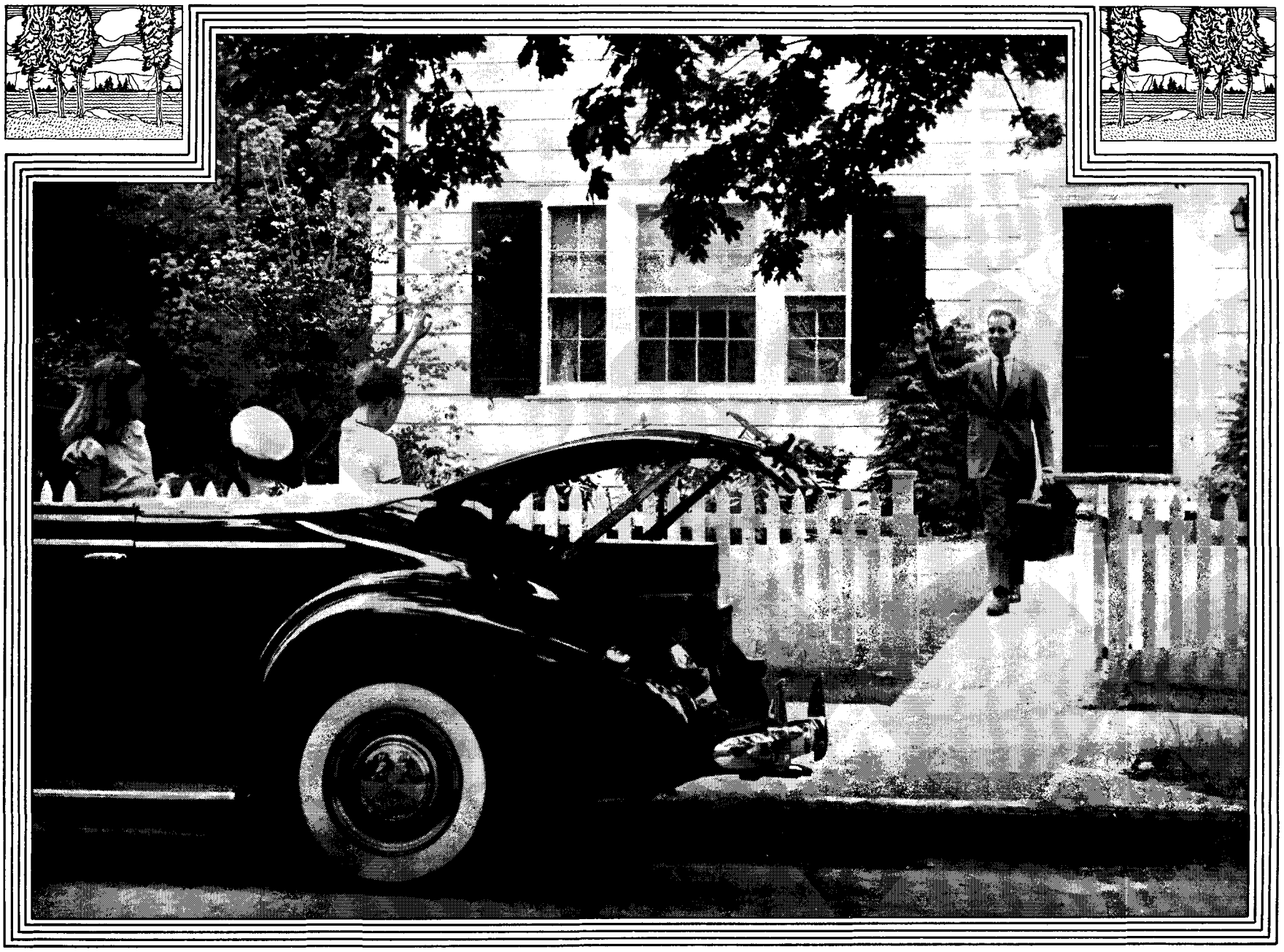

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He Serves Up America

Continued from page 22

Lorentz, who knew nothing and cared less about pictures, listened to Cohen and Watts and he, too, began to realize the importance of pictures. Hollywood was still wearing its intellectual swaddling clothes but directors like Murnau and Lubitsch in Europe were doing amazing things, and actors like Jannings were giving startling performances.

Lorentz took his job seriously. He was allowed considerable editorial latitude so he began a one-man campaign against Hollywood, the burden of his prayer being, "Why not make pictures about America?" If you will recall the 1920's you'll remember that gangster pictures and elaborate costume pictures and ducky little numbers like The Sheik were all the vogue. Sex, sin and six-shooters were the dishes served to the picture public. In no way were they a reflection of America on the problems of America.

The President Approves

The better Hollywood directors read the Lorentz criticisms and when they'd come to New York they'd look him up. Vidor, Milestone, John Ford—they, too, believed that pictures could be more than fantastic make-believe.

Lorentz moved to the late Vanity Fair to do film criticism but he didn't last long. He panned Little Women unmercifully, and the owners of Vanity Fair noticed that Little Women was breaking house records all over the country. Obviously Lorentz was a bad critic. So he was fired from the job.

He worked for Mr. Hearst for a while, first as movie critic (he panned the wrong picture and was shifted) and then as Washington correspondent. In Washington he came into contact with Henry A. Wallace, and when he wrote a eulogistic column about the Secretary of Agriculture he was fired again. Mr. Hearst at the moment didn't like Wallace.

"I've been fired from more damn' jobs," Lorentz says thoughtfully.

About this time Rex Tugwell organized the Resettlement Administration. In a desultory way government departments had been making educational pictures that had about as much animation as a still-life picture of a dead cow. The drought had settled in the Southwest by now and the land was dying. But nobody cared much. Dust storms and droughts were only nice newsreel shots to people in the large cities. The plight of the farmers had to be brought home to the rest of the country—but how?

Lorentz suggested a picture. Tugwell thought it a good idea but they didn't have a writer available to do a story. Lorentz did the story.

Tugwell was delighted with it. But he had no director to handle it. He elected Lorentz. Lorentz protested in vain that he had never been to Hollywood, didn't know how to direct, but Tugwell brushed this aside. So Lorentz again was elected. He was given a camera crew and $10,000. Which brings us to where we started. He learned about making pictures by making them. When he finished The Plow That Broke the Plains he had to cut the film himself, a highly technical, specialized job. Then there was the problem of music. This he knew something about. He managed to get a fine composer, Virgil Thompson, to help him.

"The music will be a collaboration," Lorentz explained. "Not a background. Some places the music will dominate; other places the film itself will tell the story. But we need a good orchestra."

He got one. Lorentz communicated his enthusiasm to Alex Smallens, conductor of the New York Philharmonic. Smallens thought it all "an exciting idea." And finally the picture was finished.

Even Lorentz didn't know whether or not it was good. Oh, it was honest and sincere and it showed the dust and the drought strangling the good dark earth of the plains but how would outsiders react to it. Lorentz thought he'd start at the top. He'd show it to the President. A date was arranged and Lorentz sat miserably uncomfortable in the White House projection room alongside the silent President, who never made a comment, but just smoked one cigarette after another.

Then, "That's a fine picture, Lorentz," the Head Man said when it was over. "Very interesting your idea of letting the music take the play away from the action." He even suggested that it was good enough to be commercial, i.e., to put into chain theaters as part of a general program.

Lorentz had another idea. He wanted to sell his picture to Hollywood. He took it out and invited every director and producer in town to see it. Most of them balked. They still didn't like Mr. R. and they figured that any picture produced by the government must be a politically inspired film. But Lorentz, with the help of his friends Milestone, Ford and Vidor, persuaded them to take a look. They took a look, blinked a bit and said, "Terrific." There was no propaganda in it. It was just an honest picture.

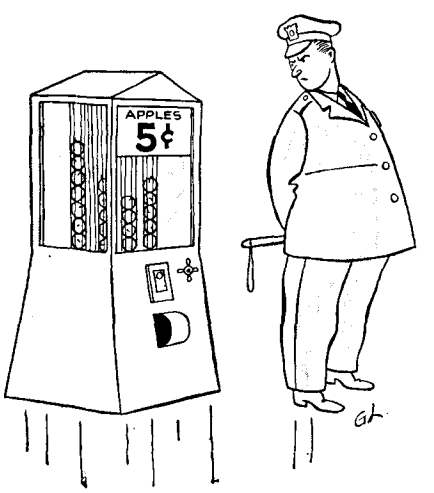
After that Lorentz made The River, the story of the Mississippi. That was another struggle but the picture got accolades from critics all over the country. It was a chunk of America most people didn't know about except those who lived and died near the banks of The River and whose lives were ruled by The River.

As Honest as Life Itself

A Dutchman named Paul de Kruif saw the picture. De Kruif is an exciting man. Sinclair Lewis wrote Arrowsmith, the Microbe Hunters, Yellow Jack and The Fight For Life in collaboration with him. De Kruif is volatile, effervescent. He loved the picture and, hurrying to a telegraph office, wired Lorentz, whom he had never met, "You and I are going to do a picture. Where can I meet you?"

They met weeks later in New York. De Kruif had a great idea for Lorentz. "Make a picture about death and how we can help prevent death. You can do a lot of good. Take my book Fight for Life. Do what you want with it."

The result was The Fight for Life. In many ways it is the most remarkable picture ever made. Superficially it is the story of a young doctor who loses a patient in the first five minutes of the picture. Realizing his incompetence, he goes to the Chicago Maternity Center in the slums to learn his trade. The picture shows his progress and his final triumph; his skill and experience conquers death. It is as exciting as Scarface; it is as honest as life itself. Only eight professional actors were used by Lorentz; the cast is composed chiefly of women who came to the Maternity Center for treatment.



Matching the Doctor's Mood

No one has ever married music and the screen as Lorentz has done. Louis Gruenberg did the music except for one sequence. After the young doctor loses his patient, he walks disconsolately along the streets of Chicago. He is thinking of what happened; questioning whether the woman's death was inevitable, part of a plan; questioning whether or not his own lack of skill had contributed toward the death. It is a rainy night. He walks along and only he is concerned that a woman has just died.

He walks through the streets lined with cabarets. Here Lorentz wanted real low-down music of the type we once called "blues"; mad, primitive, savage music. Gruenberg told him that only Negroes improvising could produce that kind of music.

A place called Café Society had a group of fine Negro musicians who loved to hold jam sessions. Lorentz got hold of them one night, set up his sound apparatus and said, "Give out." They sweated happily for an hour. First one then another would grab the melody. A sax would wail to a background of soft brass and winds. Then a trumpet would get an idea. He'd go to town and the others would ad lib. along with him. It was music that couldn't be written any more than the diversified sounds of a busy street can be captured on paper. Gruenberg and Lorentz loved it. It fitted the mood of the young doctor.

To Lorentz the business of making pictures is the most serious business in the world. It is so serious that it demands the best writing, the best music and the best technical equipment available. But above all it demands a serious purpose.

"Men like John Renoir in France make great pictures," Lorentz says, "because they aren't satisfied with mediocrity and they don't have the financial pressure on them that Hollywood people have. Their pictures cost comparatively little. They don't have to gross two million dollars to break even. Grand Illusion, I think, is the greatest picture I ever saw, but it cost about what a good short would cost in Hollywood. Take Marcel Pagnol, who made The Baker's Wife. He and his family live in the studio where they make pictures. They all work together twenty-four hours a day living the picture they are making. They don't have producers to answer to. They don't have to submit rushes every night to executives. The picture is Pagnol's from beginning to end. It isn't a job made by a large group of specialists each working independently."

Now Lorentz is working on a picture about one unemployed man. But he reveals the general story of seven million men by telling the specific story of one man.

"It ought to be interesting," Lorentz says thoughtfully.

It ought to be indeed.

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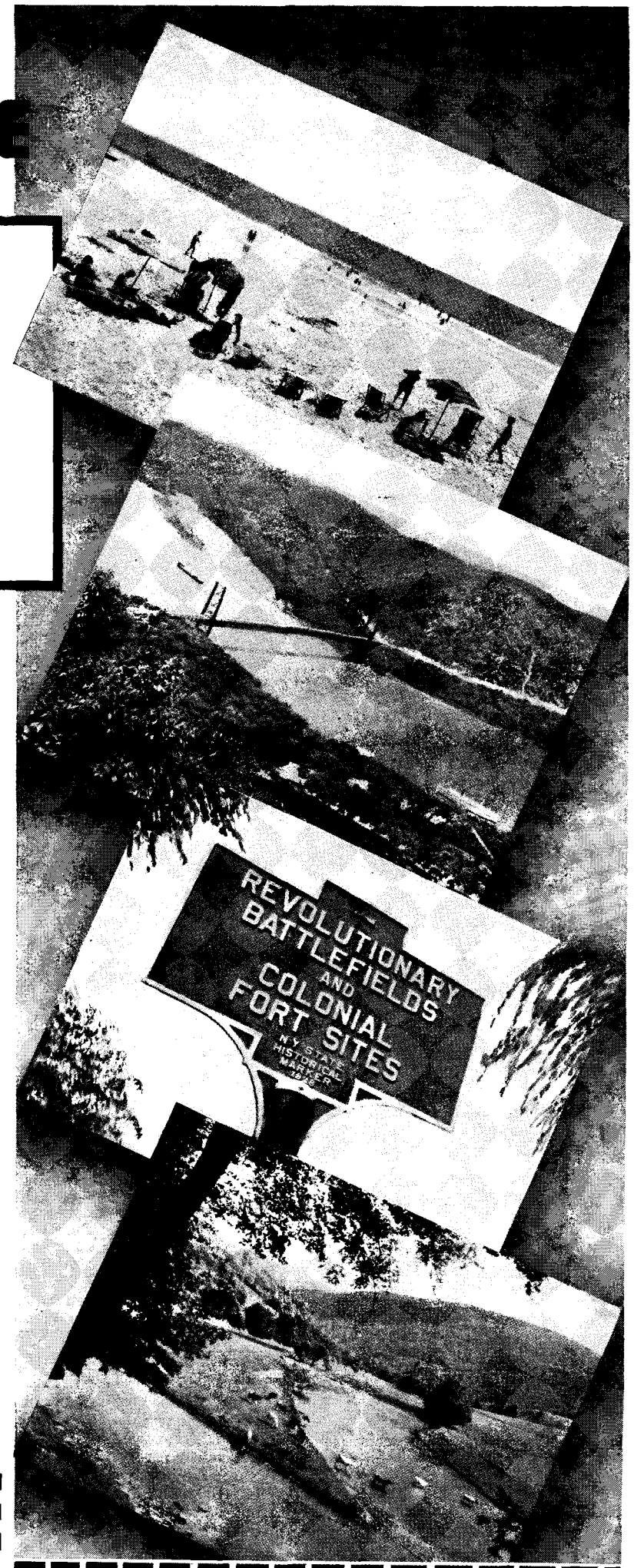

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A Man Takes His Vacation

Continued from page 15

thing. These were not the kind of people he was used to, and his gray suit was dusty, unpressed, and badly stained. He thought nostalgically of the comfortable office back in Salt Lake City: the familiar, friendly faces, the pleasant routine. . . .

Presently he heard a horse whinny, and there came the voices of cowboys, swearing. He got up and looked out the window. There were two cowboys and a large gray horse in a near-by corral. The cowboys had ropes and a saddle and were trying to corner the horse. Hubert stepped outside to watch.

"I see they're saddling your horse."

Hubert looked around. There stood a beautiful girl. She was smiling at Hubert and she had white teeth. She was dressed in blue slacks, such as the cowboys wore, and a flannel shirt. And she was—well, beautiful.

HUBERT took a deep breath. "I guess they are," he said huskily.

The girl stood beside him. "Mr. Winslow," she said in a low voice, "they're going to job you. That's a bad horse. They think it was just an accident that you won the contest, they wanted one of the guests here to win it, so on the pack trip they're going to—have some fun with you."

"I see," Hubert said miserably. He passed a hand across his forehead. "I didn't want to come in the first place. I wanted to go home. But Slim made me come up. He said I'd be insulting the governor if I didn't." He looked at her. "I wouldn't want to do that."

"Of course not."

Hubert closed his eyes. "I hate horses," he said feelingly.

"So do I." The girl glanced down at the thick-soled shoes she was wearing. "That's why I'd rather hike. Not," she added quickly, "that I could ride with the others even if I wanted to. You see, I'm not a guest here. I'm one of the waitresses."

"Where do you hike?"

"Back here in the hills; any place I feel like."

"Are you going now?"

"Yes." She placed a hand on his arm. "Listen, Mr. Winslow, if we took a hike, they'd be gone when we got back. After all, if you'd rather hike, I should think it would be all right. You won the prize."

Hubert hesitated. The horse in the corral reared and snorted as one of the cowboys roped him. Hubert looked at the girl. "You're right," he said firmly. "I rode the bucking horse. I think I've done—enough."

They turned from the ranch and took a trail that led back into the hills. Eleanor Temple, she said her name was. Hubert said his first name was Hubert. As they left the ranch behind, climbing slowly, following twisting game trails in the woods and crossing open parks, Hubert's spirits rose.

After they had walked for an hour or more they sat down on a fallen tree trunk and looked back over the valley. Hubert took a deep breath. "Eleanor," he said, "I think this is the happiest—" He was interrupted by a sharp peal of thunder. He looked around at the clear sky. "What was that?" he asked, puzzled.

"A storm is forming back in the mountains," Eleanor said. "They come down awfully fast when they get started. I think we ought to start back."

"Damn it!" Hubert grumbled.

Eleanor laughed. "They'll be gone," she said.

"But we were having such a nice walk Eleanor."

"I know." They got up and she took his arm and they started back in the general direction from which they had come. Rain began to fall, gently at first, then in a steady downpour. They took refuge beneath a large pine.

When the rain seemed to let up a bit they stepped out from beneath the tree. Eleanor started toward her left. "Wait a minute," Hubert said. "We didn't come that way."

"I think we did," she said uncertainly.

They stood there and looked around. Mist had descended on the woods around them. The whole world was a uniform gray.

"But this way is downhill," Eleanor said. "We've got to keep going downhill." Reluctantly Hubert followed her.

Rain began to fall again. They stopped.

"We're going wrong," Hubert said. "It seems to be more downhill over to our left farther." They moved in that direction, threading their way among huge boulders. Presently Hubert saw an overhanging ledge of rock, beneath which there was a cavelike depression. He steered Eleanor toward it. "Let's get out of the rain for a minute," he said.

It was dry beneath the ledge, and there was a dry boulder to sit upon. "I think the best thing to do," Hubert said, "is to sit here a few minutes and you can see if you can get your bearings. Do you recognize this canyon?"

Eleanor looked at him appealingly, and her lips trembled. "Hubert, I'll have to tell you, I've never been back here in the hills before."

Hubert looked at her incredulously. "But your hikes—"

"I made that part of it up."

Hubert frowned. " But I don't understand why—"

"Please let me tell you how it happened, Hubert. When I was waiting on table last night I heard them talking about you, and laughing about giving you this mean horse to ride. Then you came up today, and you looked—nice. So we arranged for me to—do what I did. I'm going home tomorrow anyway, so they can't fire me. I'm so sorry—"

"You mean you don't live here?"

"No." Eleanor hesitated. "I live in Salt Lake City, too, Hubert. I'm on my vacation, the same as you are. I always wanted at least to see a dude ranch, a nice one, and the only way I could afford it was to get a job at one. I wrote up here for a job waiting on table for my vacation, and they gave it to me."

Hubert seemed to have forgotten the cold and the rain. "Who are you with down there?" he asked eagerly. "In Salt Lake, I mean."

"The Kellier Paper Company. I'm secretary to Mr. Bronson, the auditor."

"Well I'll be damned," Hubert said slowly. "And I'm with Bartles-Adams, filing department." He laughed. "Why, Eleanor, I call up your accounting department often. I bet I've even talked to you on the phone." He looked out into the rain. "All I've got to say is, it's certainly a mighty small world."

"I wish it were a little smaller," Eleanor said, "right now."

Hubert stood up. "That's right; we've got to do something." He stroked his chin. "Eleanor, leave everything to me. I've never been lost in the woods before, but I'll decide what to do." He stepped out of their shelter and looked around thoughtfully. "It's beginning to get dark," he said. He came back inside and looked at his watch. "Ten past six. Now, Eleanor, there's only one thing to be done. Make a fire and stay right here all night."

"Oh, dear!" Eleanor seemed about to cry.

"PLEASE don't worry," Hubert said. "I'll handle everything." He looked around helplessly, then abruptly went out into the rain and disappeared. In a few minutes he returned, his arms full of bits of tree branches and pieces of partly decayed stump. He threw them down breathlessly. "There'll be pitch in this pine," he said. He tore dry splinters from the inside of the stumps, and broke up some of the branches. He placed the splinters against a rock, and lit them. "Put the branches on as soon as it gets going," he said, and went out into the rain again.

It was dark when Hubert was through bringing in wood for the fire and stacking it in the protection of the cave. The fire was burning brightly, filling the place with heat and occasional swirls of smoke. He sat down beside Eleanor and spread his coat out near the fire. "When it's dry," he said, "you can put it around your shoulders. Then when you get

"Fast? He just won this race and now he's watching the battle for second place!" ERIC ERICSON

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sleepy, Eleanor, just lean against me."

"Look, Hubert. Daylight!"

Hubert lifted his heavy head, forced his eyelids open. At first he saw only the glowing coals of the fire, a fire that he had replenished many times during the night, but looking beyond he saw that the sky was silvery.

"It's going to be clear," Eleanor said. "And the rain has stopped."

"Did you sleep, Eleanor?"

"A lit—wonderful. Your coat kept me warm, Hubert."

Hubert got up, shivering uncontrollably.

Then they left the cave and walked through the damp woods until they came to an open park. They looked around. The peaks towered above them, fiery in the sunlight. "Just the opposite direction from what we thought," Eleanor said. "Now all we got to do, Hubert, is keep going away from them, and we're bound to come to the road that goes past the ranch." She took his arm and they walked slowly.

THEY crossed the park and entered a grove of aspen. Suddenly Hubert stopped. "Look," he said, pointing ahead of them. At the edge of the grove was a fence, and beyond that a sagebrush flat stretched out to more woods, and among the trees were the buildings of the ranch.

They looked at each other. "If they had missed us and rung the bell or something," Eleanor said, "we could have come in."

When they came to the fence they climbed up and sat on it, in the warmth of the morning sun. "I think it was all right the way it was," Hubert said. "We got more in common than ever now, Eleanor."

"I'll never forget my last day here. Or rather my last night."

Hubert sobered. "That's right, you're going home today. I forgot. Will they take you to the train, or what?"

"I'm driving. I have a little second-hand car I bought last year instead of going any place for my vacation." Eleanor yawned. "If I didn't have to be back at the office tomorrow I'd wait another day. It's a long drive when you're—kind of sleepy."

They dropped from the fence and started across the flat.

"If I was going home today, too, I could help drive," Hubert said.

"I think that would be wonderful." Eleanor looked at him. "Why don't you? They'll all be gone on the pack trip and nobody'll know the difference. I don't think that would be insulting the governor, Hubert."

They walked on. Suddenly Hubert snapped his fingers. "I will!"

They looked at each other and laughed happily. "Boy!" Hubert said. "Well, all I can say is, this does make it a perfect vacation!" He took Eleanor's arm and linked it with his, and began to whistle.

Eleanor stopped suddenly. "Oh, dear!" she said. She was looking at the ranch, which now was just ahead of them. Hubert looked too. There, near the corral in the rear of the lodge, were many people on horses, their colored shirts and neckerchiefs, their big hats, accentuated by the early sun. Some cowboys were moving pack horses into position.

"Ah!" Hubert said miserably.

"They didn't go yesterday," Eleanor said.

As they stood there, a cowboy detached himself from the group and rode out to meet them.

"Been looking all over for you," he said when he came up. He grinned. "You must've got up early to take a walk."

"Yes," Hubert said.

"Couldn't even find you around yesterday," the cowboy said, "to tell you the start was put off till this morning on account of the storm. I got your horse saddled for you, and soon's the governor finishes his breakfast we're all set to go. I'll tell Mr. Van Orton you're here." He wheeled and rode back.

Hubert looked at Eleanor tragically. "I'll have to go."

Eleanor did not reply. They walked toward the ranch.

"I'm sorry our little plan didn't work," Hubert said. "I'm terribly sorry, Eleanor. It would have been—perfect."

"I think so too."

They came to the first of the buildings. Eleanor paused. "I don't want to go over there with you, where they all are," she said. "I'll go right to my room. It's over this way." Hubert stood there, looking at her. "Goodby," she said. "Maybe I'll see you in Salt Lake, Hubert."

"Of course," Hubert said mechanically. She turned away and walked toward the lodge. "Eleanor!" he called. She stopped and looked back. "I'll—" Hubert hesitated. "I'll see you in Salt Lake, then."

"Some day," Eleanor said. She went on.

Hubert walked toward the corral, where the riders were. He saw Mr. Van Orton and the tall dude he had seen in the bar, with the two girls he had seen there with him, standing near some saddled horses. He walked up to them. "Good morning, Mr. Van Orton," he said.

They looked at him.

"Well," he said, "we got back all right."

Mr. Van Orton looked puzzled. "Have you been away?" he asked.

"Yes. Eleanor and I. She's one of the waitresses. We went for a walk yesterday and got lost. Didn't you miss us?"

"I'm afraid not," Mr. Van Orton said. The others laughed.

"Anyway," Hubert said, "we got lost and had to stay out all night. I took charge of things and pulled us through all right. And now, Mr. Van Orton, I think I'll just take charge of things again. I rode the horse for Slim because he wanted me to, but that's all I'm going to do. I'm not going on any pack trip. I'm not afraid of the horse you picked out for me"—he glanced at the big dude—"because I can ride any horse you've got, with one hand tied behind me. I can ride any horse in Wyoming, you don't have to worry about that. I'm not going just because I don't want to."

"But, Mr. Winslow, the governor—"

"The hell with the governor. Tell him I got to get back to the office." Hubert hesitated. "Another thing, I got a date. Tell the governor I got a date with the most beautiful girl he ever saw in his life. I got a date to marry her. She doesn't know it yet, but she will in a minute."

Hubert bowed to Mr. Van Orton and walked away, in the direction Eleanor had taken.

THE long road wound through the mountains ahead of the little car. Hubert looked at Eleanor, who was driving. "And to think," he said, "we've probably even talked to each other on the phone. It's a small world, my sweet."

"Yes, dear," Eleanor said. She was watching the road.

"Shall I drive now?" Hubert asked.

"Maybe after a while."

Hubert took a deep breath. "Well, I think I'll take a little nap, then. I'm sleepy, Eleanor. I'm tired, dear. I'll just rest a little." He sat back and closed his eyes. "Call me when you need me."

Eleanor leaned over quickly and kissed him on the forehead. "Yes, dear," she said gently.

Hubert slept.

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White Dawn in Oregon

Continued from page 17

the Tonquin's deck a bloody butcher pen from stem to stern.

Below, in the canoes the Nootka women waited; probably the twelve who had special cause to remember Captain Ayres' clever trick were there. Above, in the Tonquin's rigging, five seamen, sent aloft just before the blow fell, looked down upon the shambles. The deck was a swirling, milling bedlam over which the war clubs tossed and waved.

They saw an Indian drive a knife into James Lewis, saw McKay felled with a war club and pitched overboard. Captain Thorn, horrible with blood, was fighting his way toward the cabin where there were muskets, but he did not reach that haven; a war club smashed in his head. Only one man escaped death—a Chehalis Indian taken on board at Gray Harbor as an interpreter. He rushed to the rail, shouted to a woman in one of the canoes that he surrendered himself her slave, jumped overboard and was pulled into the canoe by his new owner.

The five seamen aloft in the rigging had been thinking fast. There was one chance and one only. They came down the ratlines like monkeys and had nearly reached the deck before they were seen. One was killed; the others plunged into the steerage hatchway, passed below deck to the cabin and from that stronghold opened fire with muskets. In a few minutes the canoes were racing back toward the shore.

Captain Ayres' Vengeance

But four men couldn't hold the Tonquin long or take her out against the headwind to the open sea. Early next morning the Indians, watching the ship, saw the four survivors lower a boat and pull away toward the ocean in a desperate attempt to reach Astoria, 300 miles down the coast. Canoes were sent in pursuit. Other canoes paddled out toward the Tonquin.

Silent and empty and helpless she lay, while men and women in scores and hundreds clambered over her bulwarks. Still a tiny sound in the very bowels of her was unheard; the almost inaudible hissing and spitting of a long, slim thing like a snake with a fiery head creeping onward through the darkness under the deck. Inching along through the darkness under that crowded deck, the bright head of it was now within a foot of the ship's magazine.

It didn't stop there. It was a slow train of gunpowder laid during the night by the four survivors of the Tonquin's crew and lighted just before they left the ship.

Five hundred men, women and probably children were massed on the Tonquin's deck and in the sea canoes against her sides. In an instant the air was full of the fragments of them, the water strewn with their burned and broken bodies. Two hundred were killed; how many were maimed and blinded for life no one knows. For days the sea cast up the ghastly remnants of what had once been human beings. For many nights the death fires blazed along the shore. For weeks the great cedar houses of the stricken Nootka folk were pitiful with wailing.

It all links up—all the drama and the pathos and triumph of this tale of the Four Horsemen which, you might say, is really the tale of Oregon itself. We haven't come to the Four Horsemen yet; but the clever Captain Ayres is part of their story, and from Captain Ayres and the trick he played on the twelve Indian hunters comes the thunderous tragedy of the Tonquin. The Tonquin, too, is a link in the continuing chain. Looking back at this dramatic sequence, one has an impression of a sardonic fate seated, cloud-wrapped, on one of the Pacific peaks, pointing his finger now here, now there; and wherever the finger points a drama is enacted, a drama which is another link in the chain.

So now the finger points to Astoria, the little fort at the mouth of the Columbia River which the Tonquin had established before her fatal cruise northward to Nootka Sound. And the next link in the chain is a small glass bottle on a table in Duncan McDougall's office at Fort Astoria.

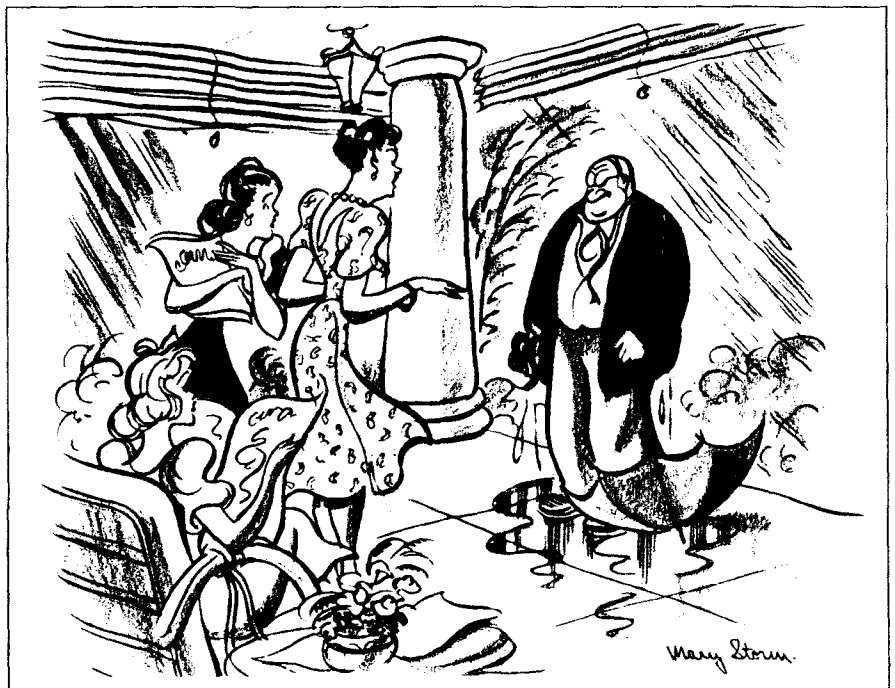
Astoria boasts today of being the oldest city west of the Rocky Mountains. Then it was only a few months old and death, sudden and violent, stared it in the face. Duncan McDougall, in command of the little log post, kept a stiff upper lip but was badly worried. More vehemently than ever he wished that he had made swifter progress with Comcomly's dreamy-eyed daughter.

men at last. They had brought with them many evils—diseases never known among the Indians before and, worst of all, the smallpox which a few years previously had wrought such fearful havoc that the red men dreaded it more than God or devil.

And now, in the neighboring country of the Nootkas, had occurred this mystifying Tonquin disaster in which two hundred Indians who had dared to avenge their wrongs had been blown incomprehensively to fragments by the white man's evil magic.

McDougall's Inspiration

Yes, it was time to kill the white monster that threatened to swallow them all—to kill it now when the killing would be easy. Comcomly rather regretted this necessity, for he was not a bloodthirsty man and he had conceived a strong liking for McDougall. But the mysterious Tonquin catastrophe, as sinister as the smallpox and more sudden,



"But how could we meet you at the station? You took the car with you this morning!" MARY STORM

Comcomly held Astoria in the hollow of his hand; and the hand was about to close. He was head chief of the Chinook tribe which controlled the lower Columbia region and he was so great a man that 300 slaves preceded him to spread his path with otter-skin rugs when he walked abroad. Among his daughters was one who seemed to Duncan McDougall the most alluring woman he had ever seen. Most of his life McDougall had lived in the woods; to him, as to many voyageurs, a slim daughter of the forest need be no less enchanting than a pale charmer of the cities. He was mad about this tawny princess who dwelt in barbaric affluence in her father's great cedar lodge, waited on by his slaves.

But McDougall hadn't won the girl yet; and now, he reflected grimly, he would never win her because it was unlikely that he would live another day.

For twenty-four hours McDougall had been painfully aware of what was brewing. Comcomly had said nothing, but one of his underlings had betrayed what was in the old chief's mind. Comcomly, until now a friend of the white men who for thirty years had been coming in their ships to the Oregon coast to trade for furs, had had enough of white had decided him. He had 800 warriors ready. When he gave the word, the handful of white men in Fort Astoria wouldn't last half an hour.

Haggard and drawn, yet a gay figure in his fantastic voyageur costume, McDougall turned slowly away from his window. On a homemade table against the wall stood a row of glass bottles of various shapes and sizes—the fort's supply of medicines. McDougall had seen them there a hundred times. Yet, as his eyes fell on them now, his head jerked suddenly upward.

Crossing the room with quick steps, he picked up one of the smallest bottles, drew the cork, poured the colorless liquid on the floor and put the cork back in place. Then, with the empty bottle in his hands, he ran to the door.

"Stuart! . . . Franchere!" . . . he called excitedly.

When he told them his plan, they thought him crazy. It would be madness, they all said, to let the Indians into the stockade. McDougall admitted this cheerfully and pointed out what every man of them already knew—that if the attack came, they couldn't keep the Indians out. Would they try his plan?

He had his way in the end. The stockade gate was opened and Franchere and another woodsman walked, unarmed, across the clearing and into the woods. Presently they returned. They had told Comcomly to come that afternoon with his warriors to hear a talk that the McDougall chief would make to them in the enclosure of the fort. Comcomly had accepted the invitation promptly.

The afternoon came; and there was one moment that afternoon when McDougall's heart stood still.

He was sitting alone, cross-legged, on the ground in the center of the enclosure. Facing him sat Comcomly and around these two the whole space within the stockade was packed with Chinook warriors. There was no doubt as to their purpose. They had come with their faces painted, wearing their war corselets of hard elk hide and each man had his great *pautumaugan* war club, half bludgeon, half saber. For ten minutes of solemn silence McDougall and Comcomly had smoked; and now McDougall knew, and the other white men watching from the log house knew, that the smoking was nearly over and the moment that would bring them life or death was at hand.

McDougall sprang to his feet. He flung his right hand above his head. In it he held the small glass bottle that he had taken from the table in his office.

"Look!" he cried. "Look at this thing in my hand—this bottle. It seems a little thing. But death is in it—death for you all. Even if you kill me, I can kill you with this bottle, as surely as the dead white men on the Tonquin killed 200 of the Nootka tribe."

Powerful Peacemaker

He stopped to let that sink in. Eyes blazing, head thrown back above his square broad shoulders, the upraised hand in which he held the corked glass bottle quivering with what seemed to be pent-up rage, he was a splendid, a magnificent figure.

"Listen!" he shouted. "You know the smallpox. You know how it has killed your people by the hundreds, how it has poisoned the very air they breathed, how they could not escape from it no matter where they hid. *I am the smallpox chief! I have it here shut up in this bottle.* All I need do is open the bottle, send the smallpox out among you, and you are dead. That I will do unless you swear that you will live at peace with me now and forever."

A half-hour later Duncan McDougall, in the little room that he used as an office, filled a tall tumbler with the strongest rum that he could find and drained it to the dregs. And still later, on a sunny July day of the year 1813, he married his tawny princess and became the happy son-in-law of Chief Comcomly.

First Captain Ayres, then the Tonquin, then Duncan McDougall's smallpox bottle. Each is drama in itself and each is a link in the chain. Now at last we come to the Four Horsemen, the most important link of all.

The four were warriors of the Nez Percé nation, which inhabited the high mountain-walled valleys of inner Oregon. Some lone trapper, camping amid their forests, told them one day of the white man's God and the white man's heaven and a wonderful Book that would show them the trail to it. And they began to think about those things.

They were a strange people, these Nez Percés. Physically and mentally among the best of their race, through all their story a vein of mysticism and religious yearning runs. There was something in

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them, it seems, forever groping toward the light—some vague discontent with their own gods that made them eager to know more of the God in whom the white man believed. The thought of "the Book" possessed them. The trapper had told them of St. Louis on the distant Missouri, the great village where six thousand white men lived. It would be a journey such as none of them had ever attempted or dreamed of, a journey dark with peril. But at St. Louis surely the Book could be found.

So they chose four of their number to go to St. Louis and bring back the Book; and these are the Four Horsemen of this narration, surely the strangest horsemen that ever rode in the West.

They reached St. Louis after many adventures. But they found there no book that they could take back with them—there was no translation of the Bible in the Indian tongue. General Clark, in charge of Indian affairs, received them kindly but could not, or did not, help them; and sadly, in a speech of remarkable eloquence and pathos, their spokesman told Clark that they must now return and report the failure of their quest. Before they could start, two of the four fell ill and died, while a third perished on the homeward journey. Only one lived to return to his people in the far-off Oregon mountains and tell them that the Book could not be found.

Oregon's First Martyr

Yet, unknown to them or to anyone, Fate had been riding with them—the destiny of Oregon and all the Great Northwest. From St. Louis word of their extraordinary mission found its way to the cities of the East and the heart of Christian America was touched. For the first time the American Christian churches looked toward the almost unknown region beyond the Rockies. Soon the first missionaries were on their way across the plains, and, following them, the great American emigration to Oregon began. But for the journey of those four Indian horsemen, Oregon would have remained years longer a wild, unsettled region claimed by both America and England; and but for the American influx which they started, most of our Pacific slope today might be under the British flag.

But the chain? The chain of tragic incident and resultant drama which began with Captain Ayres and his cruel trick and led on through the massacre of the Tonquin and her awful vengeance and through Duncan McDougall and his smallpox bottle? What have the Four Horsemen to do with the chain?

Greatest of all the missionaries who answered the call of the Nez Percés for light was Marcus Whitman. His name is honored and cherished in the Northwest today and many believe that when he guided the first great wagon train of 900 emigrants across the Rockies he did more than any other white man to win Oregon for the Union. Be that as it may, he labored nobly for years as a missionary among the Indians—not with Nez Percés, as it happened, but in the neighboring Cayuse country on the upper Columbia.

Then one day disease appeared in the Cayuse tribe. Whether it was smallpox or a virulent form of measles, it spread with fearful swiftness. Whitman and his helpers did what they could, but in most cases their efforts were fruitless. Having but slight resistance to the germs brought into the country by the white settlers, the Indians died by dozens and scores.

Fate, sitting cloud-wrapped on his Oregon peak, smiles grimly and his finger points again. It points to the lodge of Tilokait, the Cayuse chief.

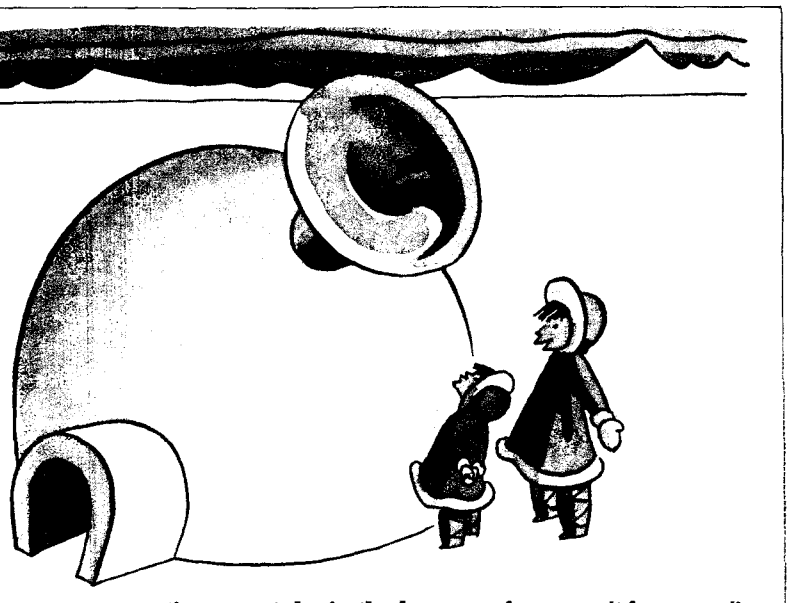
All round him Tilokait saw his people dying, saw them struck down by what seemed an invisible poison in the air, dying so fast that in many lodges the dead lay side by side with the sick.

Whitman, Tilokait was persuaded to believe, had done what McDougall had threatened—he had uncorked a disease bottle. Pretending to help them with his medicine, he was poisoning the air that the red men breathed. He was killing them—men, women and little children—so that the white men whom he had brought with him from the East might possess the Indians' lands.

Tilokait secretly gathered his warriors, those that were left. He must act quickly to save his stricken people. They looked to him and he could not fail them. He must strike before another disease bottle could be uncorked. . . .

The white men hanged Tilokait and four of his principal warriors at Oregon City on June 3, 1850, for the killing of Marcus Whitman, his wife and eleven others at the Whitman Mission. They made war on the Cayuse nation and drove them from their lands. Already they had virtually destroyed, chiefly with rum and disease, the people of old Comcomly, who had let McDougall trick him when he could have crushed the white men at a blow. Before long they took also the lands of the Nez Percés who had sent the Four Horsemen on their long journey to find Jesus of Nazareth and bring the Book to Oregon.

So the chain ended—the chain that began with clever Captain Ayres. The drama was over. The red man was finished and the white man possessed Oregon. Fate, on his mountaintop, rubbed his hands and grinned.



"Now you can practice your tuba in the house and we won't hear you"

AL KAELIN

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The Irish Can't Believe It

Continued from page 11

laughs at the thought of invasion the military does not. In many ways the terrain of Ireland will be an ally if the invasion comes. There are only two real airports in Ireland. It is true that the plains of Meath and Kildare and of Tipperary would provide ideal landing places for enemy planes, but it is equally true that these meadows and moors are cupped or surrounded by high hills. Most of the coast is rocky, but there are several wide benches not unlike the beaches on which the parachutists and troop-carrying planes landed in Holland. There is Portmarnock, near Dublin, which gleams whitely with what looks to be firm, hard sand. Kingsford-Smith once took off from here on a flight to America. So did Jim Mollison. But military authorities who, incidentally, cannot be quoted by name, say that the sand is soft in spots and that even the infallible Reed's Nautical Almanac cannot tell how high the unpredictable tides will come and how much sand will be firm on any given date. Incidentally, precautions have been taken to protect all of Ireland's beaches.

Ireland has a few potential naval bases well worth the attention of any invader. Any belligerent country would love to hold Cobh and Berehaven on the south coast; Lough Swilly on the northwest coast and Killary Harbor, which is in Galway. Also Bantry Bay in Cork and Dunlaoghaire in County Dublin. This would give her a Gibraltar to keep a conquered England in order.

It wasn't until the third week in July that Irish ports were mined against invasion. Then Sean Lemass, minister of supplies, speaking for the government, said that the coast was being mined and that the government was gravely concerned about the possibility of invasion. Dublin only yawned.

Compact Army Units

None except military authorities, who won't tell, know just how large the Irish army is. A month ago it was roughly 20,000 men. Today, augmented by a local defense force, it probably numbers 80,000 men, but the latter are not trained soldiers. Under the command of Major General McKenna, it is organized to fight the kind of defensive war that may develop. Colonel Costello and Major General Hugo McNeill, who learned his soldiering at the military school at Fort Leavenworth, have organized the army into brigades, not divisions. A brigade—perhaps a thousand men—will have everything that a division has except man strength. It will have light artillery, heavy artillery—what there is of it—tanks—what there are of them—and, of course, infantry. It is a compact, fast-moving unit which knows well the terrain where it is stationed.

These brigades are strategically placed, each one being responsible for a limited amount of territory. If any belligerent forces land, the brigades will theoretically be on the spot within a very short space of time. The important roads have been mined and there is no doubt that the Irish army will put up a sturdy and wholehearted defense.

If they come by air, using planes as a main attacking unit, the brigades will not be quite so effective. But military strategists still insist that no army can win a war from the air. They saw Germany conquer France through its planes, which were undoubtedly the deciding factor, but they still don't believe it. Military experts still insist that wars are won by infantry, ignoring the evidence that might be given by Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France.

Once a group of bombers and dive bombers thoroughly strafe a section of country there is little opposition left. Then the parachutists by the hundred can descend in peace and quiet. This is not a military theory out of an antiquated army textbook, this is something I have seen happen myself. This is warfare of 1940.

If Germany decides to invade Ireland, she will probably do it by air. First her attacking planes would clear the ground; then a thousand parachutists would land; then the troop planes, each carrying forty men, would come down. Within an hour Germany could land three thousand well-equipped soldiers on any Irish airport. She will drop baby tanks from planes as the Russians did when they went into Rumania not long ago.

Locale of Hostilities and Defense

There are six small counties in the northeast of Ireland. This is the part of Ireland that still serves and belongs to England. There are English troops in Ulster. If the Germans strike and the Irish fight back, which, of course, they will, these English troops will automatically become allies of Eire. Ireland, without losing face and without taking one step backward from her announced policy of neutrality, will then allow England to come in to help repel the invaders. These are good soldiers, many of them veterans of Dunkerque. They are well-equipped with light tanks and armored trucks which could bring them along Ireland's fine roads to Dublin within two hours. They have planes there to protect the roads against the dive bombers and there are other planes waiting at Liverpool, only eighteen minutes away by air from Dublin. If Dev, as all of Ireland calls the unassuming, troubled prime minister, in the name of the people gives them the word, they won't linger. And it is possible that one of the major engagements of the war will then be fought on Irish soil.

The man in the pub doesn't see the picture that way at all. Neither does the man at the races or the squire getting ready for the next horse show. The 1940 war is very far away to him. Rather would he talk of the time in 1014 when the Dalcassians of County Clare drove the Danes out of Ireland. Rather would he talk of Michael Collins and of how back in 1920 when there was a price of 40,000 pounds on his head he would walk gaily along O'Connell Street every day, rubbing elbows with the Black and Tans.

These things are real to him.

To understand the Irish one must study them at long range. You cannot get to know them by living with them. You will get to know that they are lovable and honest and gay and very brave, but this is not understanding. They profess no love for the English but the huge, gilded statue of Queen Victoria, which is in front of Parliament, is still one of the show sights of Dublin. Eire is almost wholly Catholic, but today Douglas Hyde, the president of Ireland, is a Protestant. Ireland is intensely democratic but is very proud of its fine Royal Hibernian Hotel in Dublin. Ireland says, "We want nothing to do with England," and yet 95 per cent of her exports go to England. Ask an Irishman as I did to explain these paradoxes and he'll shake his head and smile. "Don't try to understand us," he'll say. "Hell, we don't even understand ourselves."

FALSE TEETH WEARERS often worst breath offenders

Don't let Denture Breath and stains shout "False Teeth"

KEEP PLATES LIKE NEW WITH POLIDENT

PLATES and bridges soak up odors and impurities like a sponge! A hard, dark film collects on them. This film holds germs and decay bacteria. It is so tough that ordinary brushing seldom removes it. And it gets into every tiny crevice where brushing can't even reach.

Almost always the result is "denture breath"—one of the most offensive of all breath odors. You won't know if you have it—*but others will.*

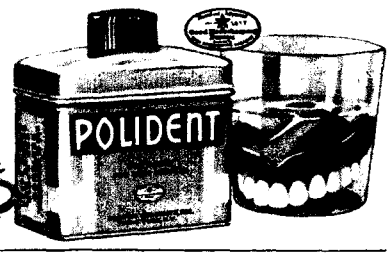
Yet there's a perfect way to clean and purify false teeth without brushing, acid or danger. It is Polident, a powder that dissolves away all film, stains, tarnish and odor. Makes breath sweeter — and plates or bridges look better and feel better.

GRATEFUL USERS PRAISE IT

Tens of thousands call Polident a blessing for convenience and hygiene. Long-lasting can costs only 30¢ at any drug store, and *your money back if not delighted.* Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau and thousands of leading dentists everywhere. Hudson Products Inc., New York, N. Y.

***Cleans and Purifies* Without Brushing**

Do this daily: Add a little Polident powder to half a glass of water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.



POLIDENT

Independence

TO DIG down in your purse and pull out a roll of bills—that's Independence! And that's what just about every woman of today wants. Money for trips, and the movies, and pretty clothes. Money to spend that doesn't have to come out of your budget. Just—pin money!

"The Club has helped me to keep my independence," writes a California member. "As I pocket each dollar I earn in the Club a new light enters my eyes—shoulders straighten and I could hug the world. It's a wonderful feeling and I hope the Club will always be there to help someone who needs it."

A New York member also wrote this pleasant letter:

"I never dreamed I could make so much money. Each day since I joined the Club I am happier. In such a little while I earned $13.70 and it helped so much."

"A Boon to Mothers"

"When mother's job reaches out beyond her home to keep pace with education for her children then what a boon to her is the P.M.C. She can be her own timekeeper. She sets her goal according to her requirements. With taxes and life insurance both due you can imagine how little there would be for extras without the Club's aid," writes a Utah Club member.

YOUR place is here in the Pin Money Club, and you'll enjoy claiming membership—also pocketing the extra dollars that will be yours for giving just a portion of your spare time to our pleasant and easy work.

Send for our free booklet, "An Adventure in Dollars and Cents." Don't delay. Write a letter or send a card today to

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, The National Weekly
Department 116
250 Park Avenue New York City

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The Girl Talks

Continued from page 13

"Exactly. And the fingerman may very well be Sammin," I declared. "He's a well-known frequenter of night clubs and cafés. He's been suspected more than once of receiving stolen jewelry, and it's a short step from that to an alliance with those who steal it."

"You're good."

"You think I'm right, don't you?"

"No; I think you ain't."

Next day I read that Sammin was being held by the police for questioning. The newspapers did not accuse him or Mrs. Jernel of having engineered the murder, but the implication was plain.

"Well, O'Malley," I said when I met him again, "what have you found?"

He appeared discouraged. "Not a thing," he admitted. "It looks like we can't find who those stick-up guys are unless I can trace the taxicab, and I can't trace the cab. Jernel and Mrs. Jernel was both well known in night clubs and nobody took particular notice when they was in one. Sammin the same. Them night cafés are this way: A guy at one table is a millionaire and at the next table there is a mobster and the mobster's money is just as good. Or a guy with a lady gets talking to some stranger at the bar and takes him back to his table with him, and the guy's a jewel thief. Too many things can happen in them places, and I keep coming out the same hole where I went in."

HE HAD a map on which he had marked the location of the different holdups and the direction in which the taxicab had gone in escaping.

"We got witnesses that seen the cab after several of these stick-ups," he explained. "Whatever way the cab escaped to, it probably turned west. I figure that means the mob has a hideaway on the West Side. When it gets where it's going, the cab license gets changed; then we don't recognize it. We got other witnesses that seen these stick-ups. If they pick out some guy from a picture we show 'em, it turns out he can't be one of 'em; and if we show 'em pictures of crooks with a gold tooth they say he ain't the right one."

"Your trouble," I insisted, "is that you refuse to recognize that the fingering was done by Sammin."

I didn't see O'Malley for several days. Then I met him hurrying to headquarters. He appeared excited.

"You've got something?" I asked.

"I got a line on a guy that might be one of 'em. I phoned Miss Rynd. She's coming to look at his picture."

We met Miss Rynd. I waited with her in a small room at headquarters until O'Malley brought in several photographs. She looked at them but didn't recognize any of them.

"No soap," O'Malley said, disappointed. "Well, I got to make out my report."

He sat down and wrote out his report, didn't like it, crumpled it up and threw it in the wastebasket. The girl and I watched him while he rewrote it. We left her there while I went with him to turn in the report, and we didn't go back to her, but went to the detectives' room. We didn't do anything; we just sat and talked. I thought I'd leave; then I thought I wouldn't. We'd been there, doing nothing, for a couple of hours. Then a cop came in.

"You're wanted—quick," he told O'Malley.

We ran out and got in a police car. A couple of plain-clothes cops were already in it. We drove north on the West Side and O'Malley went into a drugstore and telephoned headquarters, and we drove some more. We stopped several times while he telephoned. Then we came to a fine apartment building where an owner-driven cab was standing, but it didn't have the right license number. We passed by and parked around the corner, and police cars were arriving and parking near us, and a plain-clothes cop came out of a building on the corner.

"What apartment?" O'Malley asked him.

"We don't know that."

"You got the phone number?"

"We might have."

"Well, phone it, then."

We went into the building where the cab was parked, and plain-clothes cops came in at intervals, one or two at a time, and stood in the halls with their guns in their hands, and they brought the building superintendent. In one of the apartments a phone rang and cops gathered outside in the hallway and they made the superintendent knock on the door and say who he was, but the door didn't open.

"We got to do it the hard way," O'Malley announced. "They're onto us."

There wasn't much shooting. The cops fired a few times and somebody inside fired a few shots and nobody was hit. Then the door opened. Four men were inside. One was a taxi driver; the three others were young and good-looking, the kind of men that you might meet anywhere.

"Where's the man who shot Jernel, O'Malley?" I demanded. "None of these fellows has a gold tooth."

"We'll find him."

We were putting them in a car to take them to the station house when O'Malley turned back suddenly.

"Wait a minute," he said. "One of these guys dropped something."

He picked up something out of the gutter. It was a thin gold shell shaped like a tooth. O'Malley slipped it onto one of his teeth and grinned at me. The taxi driver was named Gennie, and two others were named Veroni and Sabbatio, and the man who had dropped the fake tooth was named Arenton.

"The next thing," I said to O'Malley at the station house, "is to confront these fellows with Sammin."

"Why him? He didn't have nothing to do with it."

"Nor Mrs. Jernel?" I asked.

"No, nor her. But we got a lady coming here."

THEN a couple of cops brought in Miss Rynd, and a tall man was with her, who turned out to be her father. So many cops were around the place it looked like a roll call, and questioning was going on in several rooms. I got hold of O'Malley.

"We're getting it," he said. "She's talking and it works out this way: Miss Rynd's a swell-looking kid and men liked to go out with her, and she got to going to cafés and night clubs with 'em a lot. A few months ago, in one of them night clubs, somebody introduced her to Arenton. He's a handsome guy and she began going around with him. She didn't know nothing about what his business was. He told her he was a bond salesman. Of course she was going with other fellows too. After she'd been out in the evening with some guy, Arenton would get her to describe to him some place where they'd been. He'd make a little picture of it and mark all the doors. He made it seem like kind of a game they was playing just for fun, and at first Miss Rynd didn't guess different. She didn't notice, after she'd described one of them places to him, it got held up."

"She was 'casing' the places for him!" I exclaimed.

"Sure. But she didn't know it. I guess she liked Arenton pretty well. Then she begin to suspect something, and she decided to break with him."

"If she could," I remarked.

"You said something! Once you get in with one of them mobs you can't get out. Arenton come out in the open with her. It looks like, while he was using the girl, he'd got in love with her. He told her she was in on them holdups as much as him. If she told anybody or went to the police, he couldn't keep some of his mob from knocking her off. She was afraid of him, and of his mob, and afraid she'd get killed."

"She was in a spot."

"Yeah, and she got in a worse one. About then Jernel called her up. He'd split with his wife and was lonesome, and he remembered Miss Rynd. Him and her went around together and the girl got in love with him. So Arenton told her, if she didn't quit going with Jernel, he'd knock her off."

"But he didn't," I said.

"No; he killed Jernel. That's what makes it look like Arenton was in love with the girl. Miss Rynd had described that night club to him some time before, and he knew, when him and his mob went in there, that Jernel and her were there. He knocked off Jernel, I guess, to be a lesson to her."

"Did you suspect her?" I asked.

"Why, finally. Of course, right at the start cops checked up on her. She'd been in the places that got held up, but always with reputable guys, and she was a student and we had nothing on her. When I couldn't find nobody else, it come to me to find out who she'd been with in places that hadn't been held up. So I took a picture of her around, and in some places they recognized her and she'd been with Arenton.

"We couldn't find out nothing about him; it turns out he come here from the Coast and has no New York record. We could look for the guy and maybe somebody that had been held up would recognize him—maybe not; the holdup guy that might have been him had a gold tooth and Arenton didn't have one. But if you can't find out nothing about a guy that itself is suspicious. I seen we wouldn't get anything out of Miss Rynd by questioning her."

"And the fingers are antiaircraft guns" ALAN WOODS

"SO WHAT?"

"You seen it. I got her to headquarters and in front of her I wrote out a phony report and chucked it in the wastebasket. I said in the report we had her pegged as boss of the mob, who picked out the places and engineered the holdups. I and you left her alone there and went and turned in my real report, because I knew she would grab up what I had wrote out of the wastebasket. If she was guilty, I figured she would try to get in touch with some of the mob to tell 'em the trouble she was in and they had to do something. She did. Of course cops followed her. Arenton had left his hotel and they hadn't never told her where the mob hide-out was, but she knew where to find the taxi driver. She went to a stand and took an owner-driven cab and the cab took her home."

"It wasn't the right license," I objected.

"What of it? These guys took several stolen licenses and cut 'em up, and then had the pieces welded together to make licenses of which there was no record. Cops followed the cab after it left her house. First the driver stopped at a cigar store and phoned, and a cop watched through the phone booth door what numbers he dialed and wrote 'em down. Then the cab went to that apartment. On the way, cops that was following it kept phoning headquarters, so we could follow it too, and when we got there a cop called the number he'd got in the cigar store, so the phone ringing would tell us what apartment to raid."

"What will they do to the girl?" I asked anxiously.

"You worrying? She'll have to give evidence against these guys, and it's my idea they'll let her pa take her home."

"It was swell police work," I declared.

"It won't get me nothing. Say, it's funny about Miss Rynd. She come here to study drama. Do you figure she'll think now she's had enough of it?"

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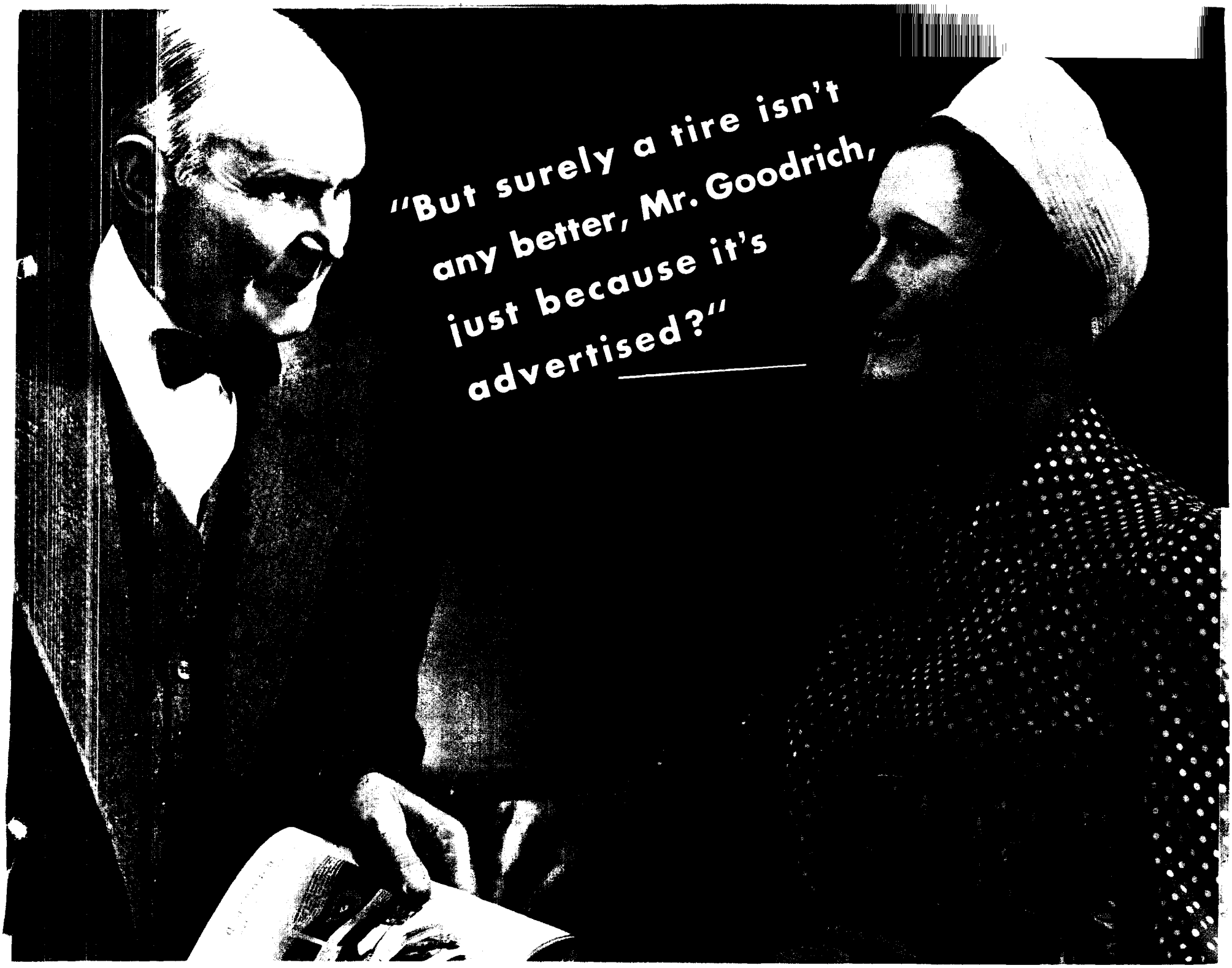

MRS. EDWARD WHITE of New Haven, Conn., asks this question of MR. DAVID GOODRICH, Chairman of The B. F. Goodrich Company, because, like many consumers all over the country she is interested in advertising, and eager for facts instead of hearsay. The following interview took place in the Goodrich Building at the World's Fair, in front of the tire-testing "guillotine."

Mr. Goodrich: "Let's get at that question this way, Mrs. White; do you remember how many hotels there are in your town?"

Mrs. White: **"Why, let me see . . . two or three, I think. But . . ."**

Mr. Goodrich: "Well, let's pretend you own one of them. And let's say things are going along nicely, until suddenly one of your competitors completely modernizes his hotel. Redecorates it from lobby to roof. Installs comfortable new beds and furnishings and up-to-the-minute baths. Tells everybody about it, and begins to get the crowds. Now what do you think *you'd* do?"

Mrs. White: **"I certainly wouldn't be caught napping. I'd go him one better."**

Mr. Goodrich: "Yes, and pretty soon the third fellow would have to spruce up, too. So the whole level would be raised, wouldn't it, Mrs. White? Every guest of every hotel in town would get more for his money. Now, that's my point exactly. Competition makes products better. And it doesn't make a bit of difference whether you're in the hotel business or the bread business or the tire business . . . you've got the same rivalry, the same healthy determination to go the other fellow one better in quality and value."

Mrs. White: **"But just where does advertising come in?"**

Mr. Goodrich: "Why, advertising is the mainspring of it all. When we advertise, we turn the spotlight on Goodrich tires . . . we invite comparison with other brands. And two things happen. The first is that we work like nailers to have constant improvement to report. The second is that when we do announce the results of our research we stimulate the entire industry. Advertising, you see, makes competition keener—and progress swifter."

Mrs. White: **"Can you give me a specific example?"**

Mr. Goodrich: "Well, years ago, when automobile tires were made of solid rubber, Goodrich developed the pneumatic tire. *And we advertised it.* You can imagine what news that was . . . and how quickly *all* tires became pneumatic. Same thing when we advertised the first cord tire, and later the first real non-skid tread. Recently, our Golden Ply and Life Saver Tread started something, too."

Mrs. White: **"So, in that sense, advertising really does make tires better . . ."**

Mr. Goodrich: "To say nothing of its power to save human lives. When we . . . or any other tire company . . . develop a safer tire, isn't it vital for the whole nation to know about it at once? And isn't it a good thing if tire advertising can make people think about skids and blow-outs . . . and get them to replace their worn-out, unsafe tires? I think it is. If advertising can prevent one accident, save one life in this age of speed, it is performing an invaluable public service."

To give you the truth about advertising and its influence on the welfare and prosperity of the American people, we have gone to those who are in the best position to know the facts. Interviews with these business leaders, about advertising's social and economic benefits to you, are appearing in Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, and The American Magazine — published by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company.

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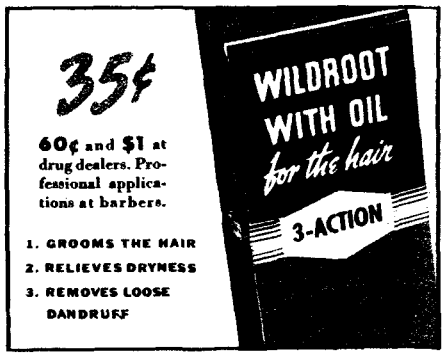
CLOWN SAYS, "Fingernail Test no joke!"

IT'S S'POSED TO BE FUNNY when a girl jilts a clown for a lion tamer. But my pal the Strong Man don't laugh. "It ain't love," he claims, "it's that *loose dandruff!*" *I tried the Fingernail Test.* My scalp was gummy as circus mud!

HE HANDS ME A BOTTLE of Wildroot-with-Oil. "The old Wildroot formula," he says, "that's been chasing dandruff scales for 30 years, plus pure *vegetable* oil that grooms hair *without* greasing the scalp. Try it. It feels swell!"

WHAT DO YOU KNOW! This Wildroot-with-Oil is the goods! Its safe, powerful "3-Action" cleans as it grooms. Keeps my hair neatly dressed, and so clean Estelle can run her fingers through it *an-y* time she wants to!


35¢
60¢ and $1 at drug dealers. Professional applications at barbers.
1. GROOMS THE HAIR
2. RELIEVES DRYNESS
3. REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
WILDROOT WITH OIL for the hair
3-ACTION

IMPORTANT — *Wildroot Regular Formula, used by millions who prefer a non-oily tonic, also on sale everywhere! Wildroot Co., Buffalo, N. Y. and Fort Erie, Ont., Canada.*

The Devil Beats His Wife

Continued from page 23

road." He began a zigzag trot, with his hands held out before him to steer an imaginary bicycle.

Vespers chimes had begun, a soft, deep sound that spread across the shallow valley. Uncle Rob followed the boy in silence, listening to the nostalgic sound that brought unrest instead of peace to his heart. The last chime was struck and there was an aftertoll, a hesitant overtone of sound that died unfinished into silence. Uncle Rob cocked his head on one side.

"Somebody's going to die," he said. "Yes, sir, Shad, when you hear the aftertoll of a church bell you know somebody's going to get out of his back yard for good and all."

He nodded his head thoughtfully and his brittle fingers tightened on the handle of the shovel as he walked more briskly toward the town. They passed a few scattered cottages and then turned onto a dirt road that led to the first paved street of the town. The Wilkins house faced on the paved street and sided on the dirt road. The back yard was enclosed by a high picket fence, and behind the barn was a large lot in which the two milch cows were kept.

As they turned through a gate in the picket fence Shad saw Mr. Wilkins standing on the back porch, and instinctively he slipped behind Uncle Rob. Mr. Wilkins came down the steps, calling, "Rob, I've been looking for you."

He was a terrifying figure to Shad, a man with a large torso and short legs, with a bristly black mustache through which his voice rumbled like a strong wind in a thicket. He hardly ever noticed Shad. Now he stared at the shovel. "Been digging again Rob? That's a fool waste of time. But I suppose if you want to do it . . ." He shrugged his shoulders, and his voice crisped. "Look here, Rob, we went for a drive and had a flat. I want to have it fixed when you get the time."

Uncle Rob nodded and started toward the barn, with the shovel slanting over his shoulder. Mr. Wilkins turned back into the house, and Shad waited a few moments before he followed him up the steps and went into the kitchen, where his mother was cooking dinner.

"You, Shadrach!" Ina said sharply. "What's dat on yo' overalls?"

Shad looked down at his knees. "Dirt, Maw. I went diggin' wif Uncle Rob, Maw."

Ina's ample body came to rest. She gazed out the window toward the barn. "Po' ole man, I hope he fine dat gol' some day. I sho do." She turned to the stove and said over her shoulder, "Year foller year he been diggin'. I remember when he come here an' it wa'n't no time befo' he out yonder wif his shovel."

"MAW," Shad said. "Ain't Uncle Rob allus been here?"

"No, sonny." Ina smiled. "He come here befo' you's born. I spec about fifteen year. He Miz Wilkums' uncle and a long time ago when she jus' a lil girl back in Tennsee Uncle Rob done save her life." She straightened up and looked at Shad. "You know how come? Dey was a shotgun lean up agin de wall on de front porch an' Miz Wilkums she drap a pencil down de mouf er dat gun an' she try to git him out. Uncle Rob see what she do an' he snatch dat gun away an' off she go—boom—an' blow his lef' arm off. Dat's how come he jus' got him one arm, Shadrach."

"Naw," Shad said.

"Dat's de truf. An' Miz Wilkums she allus feel beholden, so when she got married to Mr. Wilkums she brung Uncle Rob down here. I remember de time when he come. He sho did feel hisself po' relation. He didn't want to be a burden to nobody and when he got hisself settled in his lil room up in de attic he done tole me he keep it clean hisself, an' dat's what he done. I ain't never been up in his room, an' I don't b'lieve anybody else been in it but Uncle Rob hisself."

"I been in it," Shad said.

"You is?" Ina frowned. "Shadrach, you got no business in de house. You got no business past de kitchen."

"Uncle Rob done tuk me up," Shad said. "He show me his guns. He got a big fo'ty-five an' a shotgun, Maw, an' he got a sword wif a lot of goldy braid on him."

"Has he now?" Ina said. "Was he in de wah?"

"I reckon he was." Shad nodded decisively. "I reckon he was a gen'l."

"Well, he ain't never been but a privut 'roun' here," Ina said. "It's allus, take a look at de furnace, Rob, er fix up de sewin' machine, Rob, er ain't de cows been milked yet, Rob? But I guess he just' ast fo' it."

"What he ast fo', Maw?"

"Well, Shad, he start right out to make hisself useful. He didn't do nuffin' but wuk, and now he jus' de same as a hired man."

Uncle Rob had always taken his meals with Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, but he usually sat silent, never speaking unless he was spoken to. But after he had vulcanized a patch on the inner tube and pumped up the tire with the hand pump, after he had milked the cows and placed the pails of milk on the back porch for Ina to skim, he went in to dinner and almost immediately opened a conversation.

"Thomas," he said. "I heard the aftertoll of the church bell this evening. It means somebody is going to die."

"Superstitions!" Mr. Wilkins snorted.

Ina lingered as she served her mistress. Mrs. Wilkins was a pale, gentle woman, with a sad face and absolutely no wish to be more obtrusive in her home than a magnolia blossom on the tree outside. Only on rare occasions did she interpose a word counter to her husband.

Tonight she said, "Uncle Rob, don't you feel well?"

"JUST low in spirit," Uncle Rob said. "I feel low in spirit, Betty." He looked at her so eagerly that Ina turned her eyes aside. "I've been thinking some that I'd like to take a trip back home to Tennessee. I got some kin there I'd like to see once more. I want to see the old farmstead before that bell rings out for me."

"Back to Tennessee?" Mr. Wilkins said. "Rob, what's this?"

"Just for a visit," Uncle Rob explained. "Maybe a week."

"I think it would do Uncle Rob good," Mrs. Wilkins said, in a tone of apology.

"So," her husband said. "Who . . . well . . . we'll see about it, Rob. We'll talk it over some other time."

For three days Uncle Rob did not go digging. When he was not doing chores around the house he sat in the sunlight on the back porch, in an old rocking chair padded with a tattered piece of patchwork quilt. On the third day he left the house in the afternoon, while Shad was taking a nap. The boy was bitterly disappointed when he awakened and Ina told him that Uncle Rob had gone off without him.

"Next time maybe he take you, Shad," Ina said.

But Shad had a feeling that he would

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MICHAEL BERRY

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never go digging with Uncle Rob again. It had been too good to be true, and now he was sure that he would never see that supercoaster bike.

Uncle Rob came home a little before it was time to milk the cows, and Shad saw that he did not have the shovel with him. He went to meet the old man, and he could not help asking, "Uncle Rob, you dig anyfing up today?"

Uncle Rob gave Shad an astonishing wink. "You know, Shad, I believe I did. You know what I dug up?"

Shad shook his head.

"I dug up a supercoaster bike," the old man said. "With red wheels and a head lamp. That's what I dug up, Shad."

"Up on top de hill?" Shad was losing faith in Uncle Rob and his face showed it. "You jus' jokin'."

"No, I ain't joking, boy. I dug it up, all right. And its a funny thing but it ain't rusted at all. Not a speck. It's spanking new. You watch and see." He gave Shad a wise look and went into the house.

Shad felt like crying. He never thought Uncle Rob would make a mean joke like that. Just a low-down, mean joke. He tried to smile, and then he went to get his old rusty air rifle that wouldn't shoot. Right away he had the good luck to find the track of a whopper of a bear and he forgot about the bike. He tracked the bear all the way to the side gate. Just as he reached the gate it was pushed open and a man stood there looking at Shad.

"Fitch live here?" he asked.

"Fitch?" Shad said. "I don't know no Fitch. Dis de Wilkums house."

There was another man behind the first, and a delivery wagon at the curb. Leaning against the fence was a big, flat crate.

"We got something here for Shad Fitch," the first man said.

Ina put her head out the window. "Who dey want, Shad?"

"Fitch, Maw," Shad yelled. "Shad Fitch."

"Boy, dat's you," Ina said.

Shad's mouth opened and he stared at his mother as she came out of the house, saying, "What's you-all got dere?"

THE men carried in the crate and one of them said, "This here is for Shad Fitch. You want to sign for it?"

"Sho, I sign," Ina said. "What's in it?"

"It's a bike."

Shad had lost his voice altogether.

"A bike?" Ina said, with a puzzled frown. "Dey's somepun wrong here."

Shad nodded. He knew there was something wrong, too, but just then Uncle Rob came out of the house and said, "Well, why don't you open her up, Shad? There's your supercoaster, head lamp and red wheels and all. You run and get a hammer."

Shad flew to the barn, snatched a hammer from the toolbox, and was back in no time, out of breath. He heard his mother say, "Uncle Rob, is you crazy?"

"It's the one thing the boy wanted," the old man said. "It makes me happy to give it to him."

"Maw, he dugum up," Shad shouted. 'He dugum up, Maw. Here de hammer, Uncle Rob. You gwan open her up?" He danced up and down. "Come on, Uncle Rob, you open her up."

The side boards of the crate came away with a wonderful cracking sound and Shad saw slender spokes, painted red. Then Uncle Rob lifted the bicycle out of the crate. "Well, Shad, there she is. Let's see you ride her."

"Uncle Rob, you is plain crazy," Ina said, with a grin as ecstatic as Shad's.

"Boy, can you ride a bike?" Uncle Rob asked.

Shad was suddenly frozen. Slowly he shook his head.

"It's easy," Uncle Bob said. "Now don't be scared. Come get on her, Shad. Put your hand up there. That's right. Take hold of the handle bar and put your foot on the pedal. That's it. Now swing aboard her."

Shad found himself on the seat of the bicycle, and he seemed to be a mile above the grass. His hands were numb on the handle bars and his legs felt as if they had no strength to push the pedals.

"Here we go," Uncle Rob said, and he gave the bicycle a push.

SHAD yelled. The handle bars wobbled and shook, and then the grass came up to meet him and he fell on his side and saw the red wheels spinning.

"There," said Uncle Rob. "It didn't hurt, did it?"

"Naw," Shad cried, jumping to his feet. "She didn't hurt. Let's try her agin, Uncle Rob."

Shad tried it again, and again. On the third attempt he got the pedals working and kept in balance for twenty feet. The next time he was going fine until he jammed on the brakes by mistake and took a header over the handle bars. By dusk he had the confidence to take the bicycle out to the street. He pedaled along the dirt road with a tremendous sense of achievement and was considering with some uneasiness the imminent problem of turning onto the paved street when a terrible voice called his name. He fell off into the dirt.

"Boy," the voice said, "where did you get that wheel?"

Shad slowly raised his eyes and saw Mr. Wilkins standing on the front porch. His deep, whistling voice said, "Come here, boy."

Shad picked up the bicycle and wheeled it across the lawn to the porch. He stared at the blunt toes of Mr. Wilkins' shoes; he could not raise his eyes to the judgment-day face of the man.

"Did you steal that wheel, boy?"

"Nossuh, Mr. Wilkums, I didn't steal him." Shad swallowed, and explained to the blunt-toed shoes, "Uncle Rob givum to me."

"Uncle Rob!" The words rumbled.

"He dugum up," Shad explained.

"What did you say?" The shoes came down the steps and Mr. Wilkins caught Shad's arm. "Did you say he *dug* it up?"

Shad nodded. There was a moment of silence.

"Listen," Mr. Wilkins said in a lower tone, "you went up there with Uncle Rob, didn't you? Did you ever *find* anything when you were up there digging?"

"Nossuh, we never fine nuffin'."

Mr. Wilkins put his face close to Shad's; the bristles of his mustache were like a porcupine's quills. "When did you go digging last, boy?"

"Sunday. Uncle Rob he po'ly an' he ain' dug since den, cep'n today."

Wilkins released Shad's arm. "Get that bike off the lawn and don't ever let me catch you riding it on the grass."

"Yassuh." Shad caught the bicycle by the seat and the handle bars and ran with it around the side of the house. He was so scared that as soon as he was in the back yard he dropped the bicycle and ran on to the servants' house. He threw himself down on his cot by the window and shut his eyes hard.

Shad did not go to the kitchen at suppertime, and it was long after dark when his mother went to look for him. "Shad, what's de matter wif you? You done lef' yo' new bike out in de ya'd. You want he git all rusty?"

"No, Maw," Shad whispered.

"Den what's de matter wif you?" She came nearer him, and put one hand on his forehead. "You ain't feberish. I declare, it's jus' too much goin's-on. Yo' haid jus' spinnin' wif it, lak dem bike wheels. Dat's de trouble." She bent over him. "Shad, I got some news fo'

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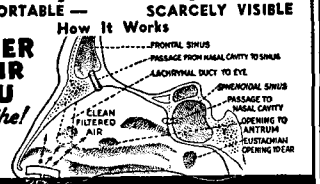

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you. You know what? Uncle Rob he gwan away."

"Gwan away?" Shad sat upright.

"He gwan back to Tennsee," Ina said. "I hear 'em talk at supper an' Mr. Wilkums say if Uncle Rob honin' to go to Tennsee to visit wif his kinfolks he kin go. He say he put Uncle Rob on de train in de mawnin'. Now what you say to dat?"

Shad clutched his mother's hand. "Maw, he wouldn't take de bike wif him? Uncle Rob he wouldn't do dat?"

"Cose not, Shad. He done made you a present er dat bike. Now you rest easy son. I bring you some vittles an' I gwan put yo' bike away."

The next day Uncle Rob went to the back yard to say goodby to Shad. "Boy," he said. "You take good care of your bike, and I want to see you ride her like a champ when I come back next week."

"I sho try, Uncle Rob," Shad said.

"Sure you will," the old man said. "And look here, Shad, I want you to do me a favor. I want you to go up to my room every now and then and dust it off for me. Will you do that?"

"I sho will, Uncle Rob," Shad said. "I gwan up dere ever' fi' minutes. Ever' speck er dust come in de winder I gwan meet him wif a mop and shoo him out."

Mr. Wilkins called impatiently to Uncle Rob then. He was at the side gate with the car and the old man's luggage was in the back seat. Uncle Rob reached out and patted the top of Shad's head, then he walked over to the gate and got in the car. He waved to Shad as they drove away.

Shad started in right away to learn to ride his bicycle like a champion.

AT THE other end of the attic a small room had been partitioned off with unpainted boards.

As Shad went toward it he heard a sound inside the room.

For a moment Shad started to run away, but he felt a sort of responsibility about Uncle Rob's room, and he had promised to keep it clean. He crept nearer the partition wall and peered through a crack in the boards.

It was Mr. Wilkins inside. Shad's breath came fast. It was Mr. Wilkins, bending over an old steamer trunk, running his hands through the clothing in it, opening the drawers of the chipped pine dresser, poking around. Poking in the trunk, poking in the dresser, poking under the bed, just poking around.

Shad's heart hammered and his hands felt cold. He turned and went on tiptoes back to the staircase. His bare feet made no sound.

Uncle Rob was gone for a month, and several days passed before Shad had the courage to return to the garret room. But every day after that he climbed to the attic and once he took a pail and mop and scrubbed the floor and the walls.

Then Uncle Rob came back. Mr. Wilkins met him at the station in the car and brought him home just before noon, and Shad waited in the kitchen while the family was having lunch. He had the bicycle ready in the back yard to show Uncle Rob that he had learned to ride without holding to the handle bars.

In the afternoon Uncle Rob came out to watch Shad ride the bicycle. His face seemed thinner and the lines were deeper around his eyes. But they were smiling lines, and his eyes were bright.

Shad rode his bicycle in and out of the back yard, doing tricks, and after a while he climbed the steps to the back porch and asked, "Uncle Rob, you gwan dig in de mawnin?"

"No, Shad." The old man looked off to the distant hill. "I'm through digging."

The boy looked at Uncle Rob's hand, resting on the arm of the rocking chair. The skin was like paper with thick lines drawn on it by blue crayon. He was disturbed and said, "Uncle Rob, you po'ly?"

"I'm fine, Shad," Uncle Rob said, smiling. "I'm just fine. Don't you fret about me." He closed his eyes and the smile lingered on his face.

But Shad knew that something was wrong. For a week Uncle Rob sat the whole day through on the back porch, and he was very slow about doing his chores. On his way to the barn one night he stumbled once and Ina said to Shad, "Dat ole man, he jus' too ole to wuk. He done lef' his witals back in Tennsee."

And after that Ina watched over Uncle Rob as carefully as she watched over Shad. She served him hot tea on the porch in the afternoon, she sent Shad to help him carry in the buckets of milk at night. And even Shad could see that peace had settled on the old man's face like dust in a corner of the attic.

TOWARD the end of the week Ina called Shad into the kitchen. From the way she told him to sit down and listen Shad knew that it was important.

"Shad, Uncle Rob all de time talk about gwan away," Ina said. "He done went away now."

"Naw," Shad said. "Wifout he eben say goodby?"

"Wifout he say goodby," Ina said. "Jus' quiet-lak, in de nighttime."

"Say now," Shad said. "I sho thought he say goodby."

"Son," Ina said solemnly. "He daid."

"Daid?" Shad's lips trembled with the word.

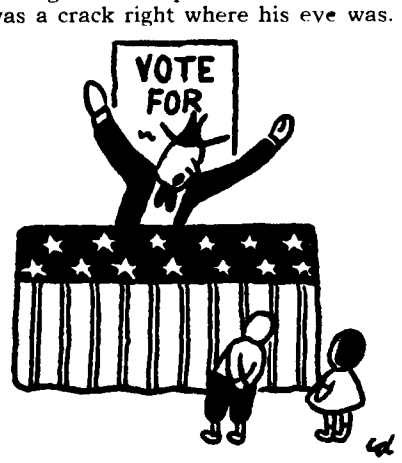
"Daid—gone away. It ain't no diffunce," Ina said. "He honin' to go an' now he gone. De undertaker man done come and went."

"Maw, I won't see Uncle Rob no mo'," Shad said. "Won't I see him no mo', Maw?"

He looked at his mother's face, and then he slipped off the chair and went out into the yard. He sat under the chinaberry tree and looked up at Uncle Rob's tiny attic window, from which the old man had often called down to him. He remembered how Uncle Rob had always said he wanted to go away, he wanted to go off where there were no back yards, just a great big front lawn and somebody else to mow it. He remembered when Uncle Rob went away to Tennessee and called to him and said, "Shad, I want you to do me a favor. I want you to go up to my room every now and then and dust it off for me."

Shad gazed at the attic window, and suddenly he got up and went into the house. He tiptoed through the dining room and up the stairs. The door leading to the attic stairs was ajar. Shad pulled it fully open and climbed the steps. Sunlight came through a window and dust particles stretched across the attic like bars of gold.

The boy went toward Uncle Rob's room, and just before he reached it he heard Mr. Wilkins' deep, whistling voice. He caught his breath and pressed flat against the partition wall. There was a crack right where his eye was.



He was not too scared to peek.

Mrs. Wilkins was in Uncle Rob's room, too. They were both there, and they were both poking around. Mrs. Wilkins was going through the trunk and Mr. Wilkins had turned the contents of the dresser drawer upside down. He was swearing in an undertone.

Shad blew out his breath softly. They were just tearing Uncle Rob's room up, just tearing it up. He heard Mrs. Wilkins' faded voice say, "Here's something, Thomas."

She held up a tin strongbox, about eight inches square. Her husband snatched it and opened it up. "There's money here, all right. Yes, this is it." He put the box down on the dresser and Shad saw a roll of bills in his hand. He began to count the money, aloud, and his voice had a strange, penetrating quality. "One hundred, two hundred . . . a lot of 'em are small bills, though."

"Thomas," Mrs. Wilkins said. "I feel so, so . . ."

"Eight hundred," Mr. Wilkins said. "Betty, it's no more than our right." He finished counting the money, rapidly snapping back the corners of the bills, then he stared at his wife. "Fifteen hundred and forty-three dollars, Betty. That's all!"

It was a tremendous sum, and Shad thought, sure enough, Uncle Rob must have dug it up. But Mr. Wilkins looked at the money in his hand as if he held a handful of pennies.

"Thomas, there's a paper with it." Mrs. Wilkins held a sheet of ruled paper to a golden bar of light from the window. "Why, I believe it's a will. It *is*. Listen: 'This is the last will and testament of Rob Butterworth, made by me while sound of mind and body. All my property, real and personal, including my life's savings of fifteen hundred and sixty-six dollars, I leave to my friend and cousin, August Butterworth, of Greenvale, Tennessee. I hope it will do Cousin August more good than it did me.' "

THERE was a soundless pause, then Mr. Wilkins said bitterly, "Why, he hadn't seen that cousin in fifteen years, and all that time . . ." His voice choked off and he stared at his wife. "Betty, he didn't find this money, do you know that? Do you see what he did? He brought it with him from Tennessee when he came here fifteen years ago. He . . ."

"There's more of the will, Thomas," Mrs. Wilkins broke in. "Listen . . ."

" 'For fifteen years, interest at three per cent . . .' " Mr. Wilkins' eyes had a glassy look.

"Listen, Thomas: 'To my dear niece, Elizabeth Wilkins, I give thanks for her kindness, but I feel that I have given equal value for what I received. The work I did has more than paid for my keep in the fifteen years I have lived in her home. (Signed) Rob Butterworth.' "

Mr. Wilkins' mouth opened wide. His fingers crushed the roll of bills. "Of all the base ingratitude! Betty, after I, after we . . ." He stared at the money in his hand. "But he said fifteen hundred and sixty-six dollars!—See here, there's only fifteen hundred and forty-three here. There's twenty-three dollars missing."

"Perhaps you miscounted, Thomas."

"I don't miscount," he said stiffly. "Maybe it's still in the box." He picked up the tin strongbox, then let it fall from his hand. It clattered on the pine floor. "That bicycle!" he said furiously. "It's that bicycle. You hear, Betty? Twenty-three dollars for that bicycle!"

He sat down suddenly on an old kitchen chair that creaked loudly under his weight. His eyes had a baleful look. "That damned Cousin August, he'll think we held out on him, Betty. Gosh! We're going to have to add twenty-three dollars to it!"

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Fog on the Bay

Continued from page 21

and don't try any funny stuff. We can't lose any more than they got us for now."

"They killed a man," Joe thought. "They killed a man last night at the bank."

Foley Abell headed for the creek mouth. Joe watched Gerry put his gun away and Al point his gun toward his father. Al held the gun in his right hand and with his left pulled the coat and shirt sleeve up off his right wrist. "Only half," Gerry said, and pushed a hypodermic needle into Al's wrist. "You're apt to need the rest before we get out of here."

Joe watched, a string of saliva looping unnoticed from his dropped lower jaw. Al's hand, holding the automatic, its delicately poised hammer cocked, was trembling. Joe began to cry.

"Well, well," Al said. "The Lone Scout has started to weep. You never heard that over no radio, sonny? You never heard of no Lone Scout crying, did you?" He laughed and was pleased with himself. "Let's see what they got on this boat," Al went on. He started forward. Joe looked back and saw that the lights were on in his home. His mother had probably heard them. The lights made him calm again. She would have Captain Mattingly in the police boat after them.

Gerry came close to Foley Abell at the wheel as Al climbed forward over the oyster bins. "You go straight downriver," Gerry said. "You can put us on one of those Virginia necks or maybe, if we have to, take us outside and down the Carolina coast."

Al came back. "Some boat," he said to Gerry. "No stove, no nothing. What the hell are these things?" He kicked the oyster tongs.

"Them's for tonging oysters," Foley said.

"Well, we ain't going to tong no oyster," Al said. He seemed in high spirits and laughed as he threw about sixty dollars worth of tongs and nippers overboard. "They'll only be in the way if we run into action," Al said.

Foley went pale. He hadn't made sixty dollars profit all last month.

"You're a dirty man, mister," Joe Abell said to Al.

"Shut up, Joe," Foley Abell said. For the first time, he was angry.

"PUT out them lights," Al said.

Foley turned and told Joe to put the lights out. No one spoke for a while as the boat dropped down-river.

They were almost into a flock of ducks before the birds got up, winging off with only the rustle of their wings for sound.

"Ducks," Al said. "Maybe we could shoot some and eat them if we're gonna be stuck in this thing for a while."

"Sure," Gerry said, "we're gonna pick them off in the air with a gat."

"Maybe they got a gun on the boat," Al said. "All these guys shoot ducks all year around."

"There's no shotgun here," Foley said.

"He answered kind of quick," Al said to Gerry. "I better look." He began to search the boat.

"Don't be foolish," Gerry said. "We don't want to do any shooting. Inside an hour the dicks will be out with these hick cops that run the patrol boats. We don't want any shooting. Not with no shotgun. You can hear them things two miles on the river."

"I'll shoot if I want to," Al said. "I like to shoot."

"Oh, you're gonna start that stuff again," Gerry said. "Maybe you'd like to swim ashore when they come after us. You swim so good."

Al didn't answer. Joe, taking advantage of the others' preoccupation with each other, moved nearer his father. "What do you think, pa?"

Foley Abell shook his head. "Whichever way the luck runs. Say your prayers, boy."

"What you two whispering about?" Al said.

"We was just wondering where we was on the river," Foley said. He thought, *This feller can't swim.*

"You mean you don't know where you are?"

"Not in this fog."

Al cursed. Gerry said: "Where do you think we are, Abell?"

"Somewhere in the steamer lane, about mid-river."

"Head for the Virginia shore best you can," Gerry said. "And don't try anything fancy."

Foley didn't speak. Near him, Joe shivered and it bothered the father. If only Joe wasn't such a kid, he thought. It was bad for a kid to go through this.

Al and Gerry were in the stern talking in low tones. The fog was all around the boat, now, seeming almost to press in on it. Foghorns rasped dully from the Virginia shore. Gerry's voice rose momentarily loud enough for Joe and his father to hear.

" . . . wanta know what we're gonna get by knocking them off. . . ."

FOLEY went cold. Joe whispered: "Shall we try to jump them, pa?"

"Hush, boy."

Al's voice: " . . . it'll be just two more witnesses against us . . . and they got us for plenty now. . . ."

"The kid . . ." Gerry said. The rest of his words went away.

To stall for time, Foley thought. If the tide changed he could go upriver instead of down; the others would think he was going down. But the tide wouldn't change for two or three hours. He had been gradually edging toward the Virginia shore but now he straightened the boat out down-river again. *The longer we can keep off shore,* he thought.

Gerry approached Foley, gun in hand. "We ought to be pretty near Virginia now," he said.

"There's towns near the shore here in northern neck Virginia," Foley said. "Thought you might want to go ashore on one of the lower necks, below the Yeocomico River." Gerry hesitated. *They don't know nothing,* Foley thought, *nothing about the river.*

"Go away, kid," Gerry said to Joe. "Go up front." Joe went forward. "I'll tell you something, Abell," Gerry said. "Al wants to kill you and the boy. I don't want to. If you set us ashore safe, I'll see to it that you and the boy live. If you try anything funny, I'll kill you myself. Me and Al got nothing to lose."

"I'll do what you say," Foley said.

"Okay."

Foley didn't hear him say the last word. In the fog, Foley had heard the throb of a motor. A few seconds later, reading the sound, he knew it was the police boat, Captain Mattingly's, not Captain Cheseldine's on the lower river. It was early for the police boat to be on the river and that meant only one thing, that Mattingly knew about what had happened and was out looking for them.

Now the others heard the motor, seconds later than Foley heard it. Suddenly they were close to him at the wheel. "Whose boat?" Al said.

"I wouldn't know," Foley told him.

"What's the best thing to do?" Gerry said.

Foley didn't speak. A gun jammed

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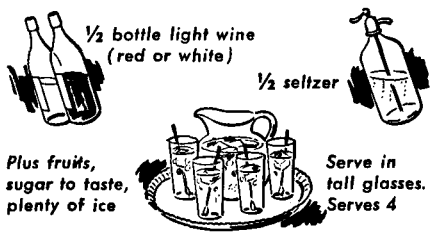

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into his ribs hard enough to hurt. "Talk," Al said.

"Cut the motor," Foley said. "Drift with the current." He cut the motor but it was too late.

"What boat's that?" Captain Mattingly called through the fog.

"Keep quiet or you'll get it," Al said to Foley.

The four of them stood, tense and listening. Joe wanted to yell but locked his jaw tight. Gerry held his gun on Joe, Al his on Foley. There was no sound but the throb of the police boat. It was coming near but not at them; it was dropping down the river, parallel to them.

"If that's your boat, Foley Abell, yell out," Captain Mattingly called. "Where be you?" His voice was so close it startled them although they couldn't see the police boat. The muscles on Foley's jaw quivered. Al had started to shake. "Might be they've killed Foley and the boy," they heard the Captain say in a conversational tone.

"Those two would," a strange voice said. "Hail them again."

"What boat goes there?" Captain Mattingly called. By the sound the police boat was even with them now.

"Gerry, gimme that last shot," Al said in a whisper.

"Shut up!"

Al's face contorted.

The strange voice on the police boat said: "Have your mate fire a burst."

"Might hurt Foley and the boy," Captain Mattingly said, "if they're alive."

"Fire it high."

Al yelled. The tension changed him briefly to an animal. He pointed the automatic into the fog toward the police boat and fired three times.

"Give it to them, East!" they heard Captain Mattingly yell to his mate. "They've probably killed Foley."

"Down!" Foley said, instinctively. "They got a machine gun."

The four men in the boat tried to drop behind the gunwale. Al and Joe got down easily, but Foley and Gerry were between the motor housing and the side. They had to turn to stoop. The first burst went astern of the boat, swung toward it, the bullets flickered briefly across it, then swung back astern again . . . and Gerry lay across the housing, the thick red oozing from one temple, and Foley Abell thrashed on the deck, clutching his right shoulder.

Al had regained a curious, deadly composure. He held the gun on Joe and spoke to Foley Abell: "You keep quiet or I'll kill the kid."

THE chatter of the gun stopped, leaving an almost tangible silence on the river. Fog seemed the body of the silence. . . . Then their ears, briefly deafened by the sound of the firing, picked up the throb of the police boat, already below them and going down-river, perhaps to circle. Al half-crouched, listening. Joe knelt by his father. "You hurt bad, Pa?"

"The shoulder . . . hurts." Foley closed his eyes, the first pain gone. Al was looking at Gerry. Gerry was dead. "Leave your old man alone," Al said. "Pick that up and throw it over." He jerked the gun at Gerry.

"Maybe he ain't dead, mister," Joe said.

"Do what you're told, kid, or you'll be dead, and your old man with you."

Trembling so that he could hardly manage the stocky body, Joe pulled the shoulders over the gunwale and then began to cry. "I can't do it, mister."

"All right, punk." Still holding the gun toward Joe, Al quickly raised Gerry's feet with one arm and flipped them overboard. The body swirled once, the face turned up into the fog, then was gone.

"Now head for the nearest place in Virginia that ain't got no towns," Al said.

"If you leave my father alone, I will," Joe said.

"And supposing I don't?"

Joe swallowed. "We need him anyways. I can run the boat, but he got to tell us where to go."

"All right, get going," Al said. The throb of the police boat had died down toward the Chesapeake. Al made Joe help his father to a sitting position on the engine housing after they had started the engine.

"Turn her around, Joe," Foley said. He sat there, white and drawn, but his mind was clear.

"WHAT do you mean, turn her around?" Al said. "We're supposed to be going with the current."

"Tide's changed," Foley lied. "Coming up from the Chesapeake now."

Al looked at them. His features seemed even more crowded together. "If I thought you was kidding me—" he said.

"All right," Foley said, "you tell us what to do."

"Don't be a wise guy, now," Al said. He stood watching them, then said: "All right, punk, do what your old man says."

Joe felt almost happy. They had fooled Al once. He didn't know just what his father planned, but he knew they were going to try for the Maryland shore.

Probably he'll kill us, Foley thought. It seemed to him that his head had never been more clear. There was one chance. "You know where Blackistone's Island is?" Foley asked Al. "Some calls it St. Clement's Island like it was in the old days."

With a little shock, Joe realized his father was talking to him, was talking to him *under* the talk to Al.

"I don't want to get on no island," Al said.

"I'm not going to put you on one," Foley said. He sat there, his left hand holding his shoulder. "I only asked if you knew where it was."

"No, I don't."

"Well, right across a little channel from it the Virginia shore is pretty wild. No one around. A right deep channel runs between the island and the mainland. . . . I could put you ashore there."

Me, Joe thought, *he's talking at me.*

"All right," Al said, "but make it quick."

Blackistone's Island, Joe knew, was off the Maryland shore, up in the Seventh District, not off the Virginia shore. Pretty soon, Joe thought, I'll get what pa's driving at. He thought he knew. Probably his father wanted to leave Al off on the island and then come back later and capture him. Al couldn't swim, and there was probably a reward for him. Probably Al wouldn't kill them; he'd be too glad to get set ashore. Joe's boy's mind tried desperately to see the best side of things.

"Get over to the right, you," Al said to Joe. "Don't try to fool me. I know Virginia's on the right."

Going down-river it was, but they were going upriver . . . Joe at times was close enough to get misty, fleeting glimpses of the shore, so brief and tenuous that only one who knew the land and the river would know that he had seen the shore. Joe felt keen and adventurous; they were running things now, he told himself.

Suddenly Al yelled wordlessly, and began to look frantically around the boat.

"What's the matter?" Joe said, unthinkingly.

"Mind your business or you'll get this!" Al jerked the gun up. His face seemed to be in pain. The pushed-together features were twitching.

He's looking, Joe thought, *he's looking for that needle that was in the other feller's pocket.* Al was shaking openly "Come on, hurry it up!" he said. "This boat can go faster."

He wanted, Foley Abell thought, *for to use that needle for to get up enough guts to kill us. I'll kill him, though . . .* Sitting, wounded, on the motor housing, Foley Abell had decided to kill the man Al. . . .

"We must be right near there now," Foley said in a level voice.

A shore showed dimly in front of them and when he saw the great stone cross glimmering once in the fog, Joe knew it was Blackistone's Island. "Go around the island, Joe," Foley said, "and you can come into the channel and put Mr. Al ashore."

Joe swung around the island. Coming back into the channel the boat began to move faster with the current and tide still racing out. A little point on the island stood out in front of them, the rest of the island in the fog. "There's the mainland, mister," Foley said, indicating the point. He was very white.

Al didn't speak. He still had his slouch hat on. He picked the bag up in one hand, and with the automatic in the other climbed onto the bow. He faced the others and was trembling. Looking at his face, even Joe knew what was going to happen. As soon as the boat touched the shore, Al was going to kill them.

The boat swung down on the point at an angle. The water ran deep and swift right next to the shore. Joe heard his father's voice, sly and full of meaning: "Don't hit the shore too hard, Joe. You wouldn't want to upset Mr. Al—"

That was it! Joe thought, *That was it!* He opened the throttle as wide as it would go, threw the wheel over and ducked. Al seemed bewildered and turned his head to look at the shore. "Watch it, punk! You're going to hit—" Al began.

THE boat struck at an angle with all the force of motor, current and tide behind it. Al screamed once, groped and fell. In the heavy, racing flow of the water there was hardly a splash. The gun and bag went into the air, hitting the gunwale and falling into the boat. Foley had been knocked off the housing and was rolling in pain on the boards. Joe stood up, not feeling the shudder of the boat as the current tried to break it away from the shore. Al screamed again above the deep, swift water, then he was gone in the fog, where the tide raced, ten feet deep right off the shore.

"Pa, he's in!" Joe yelled. "Shall I get him?"

His father didn't answer and Joe turned to him. Foley lay, exhausted from pain, on the deck. He was conscious, though. "Pa," Joe said, "he fell in. We had to do it, didn't we, Pa? Answer me, Pa. We had to do it. He would've killed us, wouldn't he? All you wanted to do at first was put him on the island so we could get him later and get a reward. Didn't you, Pa?"

Foley closed his eyes before nodding assent. *Let Joe think that,* Foley Abell thought. *Later he'll know what it means, maybe, to have your tools took away by someone like that for no good reason. I hope not, though.*

So Foley Abell nodded to his son, but first closed his eyes and said a prayer for the dead.

"Look, Pa, the bag fell in the boat. Look, Pa, look at the dough. They ought to give us some reward, huh. We can get new tongs, maybe a new motor!"

Foley nodded again from where the boy had raised him. He heard the sound of the police boat coming nearer in the fog.

He had heard it following them for the last twenty minutes. He wondered if he had a penance to do.

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All Ready to Eat

Continued from page 12

oil, one-half teaspoon of powdered black pepper, one and a half tablespoons of A-1 sauce, one-half tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce, a tablespoon of highly concentrated meat stock and one teaspoon of lemon juice. Stir well and serve either hot or cold, but never boiling. And don't put it in the icebox."

Mr. Magarrell has given a lot of thought to the right dishes to complement a good steak, and he's narrowed them down to one and only one item, a chef's salad, which is, he says, such chopped fresh vegetables as lettuce, romaine, chicory, water cress, green onions, cucumbers, tomatoes. That goes for any picnic anywhere, and the way to have your salad crisp and fresh is to douse the greens with water, mix them in a large bowl at home, cover with a damp cloth, then drain off the water just before you serve it and pour on a French dressing. If you want a dressing that won't separate, mix the mustard, paprika, black pepper and salt while still dry, then add the Worcestershire and catsup, and finally the vinegar and salad oil, and whip.

Mr. Magarrell Looks for Ideas

Mr. Magarrell has been picking up these ideas ever since he left Council Bluffs, Iowa, as a kid to enter Cornell's school of hotel administration. That was back in 1925, and you can see that he is still a comparatively young fellow and still looking for ideas. He was struck with a golf club during his first year, injuring one eye. The accident depleted his so-called bank account and he had to leave school. Tackling one hotel manager after another for a job, he finally landed as an elevator boy in Philadelphia, soon rose to the rank of bellhop, then to a chef's assistant.

Figuring that the more hotels he worked in, the more ideas he might pick up, he swung around a circuit covering a good part of the U.S.A. Back in New York, he connected with a firm of hotel doctors. His specialty was diagnosing ailing dining rooms, and by 1936, when United Air Lines sent for him to solve the problem of serving hot meals on high, he had worked for over three hundred clubs, hotels, restaurants, hospitals, railroads and steamship lines. Astonished that United Air Lines was spending $150,000 a year for give-away meals, he recommended that the system establish its own kitchens along the line. When the head of the company asked him to recommend a maître d'hôtel, he said, "This is a job Don Magarrell ought to handle."

Without further ado, he found himself figuring out not only what foods to serve and how to prepare them, but how to pack, in a galley three feet square and three feet high, meals for as many as twenty-five hungry passengers, along with hot dishes and utensils, in such a way that the stewardess could serve a five-course meal to everybody in a hundred miles of flight, or about half an hour. That's what led to the pre-cooked casserole dishes that Mr. Magarrell considers just the answer not only for air liners but for outdoor meals anywhere.

Take Mainliner chicken potpie, for instance. It outranks them all in popularity with air travelers, Mr. Magarrell thinks, because everybody likes chicken, and it keeps better than any other meat, without discoloring. The trick is to cook the chicken and the vegetables separately. First he cooks gently a five- to six-pound hen with two or three stalks of celery, two medium-sized onions, and three to five bay leaves. Meantime, the carrots, onions, peas and potato balls are parboiled and the mushrooms are being fried in butter.

Half an hour before plane departure, the chicken is boned and cut into walnut-size pieces, put into individual casseroles along with the vegetables. Over them goes a fricassee sauce simmered from the chicken stock, flour, butter and chicken fat, and a sprig of parsley. The casserole is topped with a piecrust, brushed over with milk, pierced twice with a fork, and baked at 375 degrees until the crust is golden brown. In a thermal jug or, heavily wrapped with paper, the casseroles hold heat for hours, and there's a neat answer, says Mr. Magarrell, to the hot picnic-dinner problem.

Or there's beef tenderloin sauté, which Mr. Magarrell makes by cutting tenderloin ends into thin slices about the size of half dollars, frying them with beef fat over a brisk fire, seasoning with paprika, salt and pepper. When they're browned, he sprinkles the mixture with flour, browns it some more, adds a glass of claret. The sauce is made with sliced mushrooms, chopped onions and diced green peppers braised in butter, then cooked with stewed tomatoes, with brown sauce added at the boiling point. This, in the casseroles with the tenderloin tips, says Mr. Magarrell, gives you something to picnic about.

His navarin of spring lamb, another casserole dish, is something else again. Dice your lamb (from a leg or a shoulder) and brown in a braising pot, add salt, sprinkle with flour and brown, then put in a bay leaf, two cloves, a pinch of whole-grain pepper, some tomato purée. Cover with water, and cook it in the oven. When the meat is cooked, place in casseroles with pre-cooked carrots, peas, string beans, potatoes and small onions, and bake.

You may say these dishes are a bit on the fancy side for picnics. You may have to work up to them gradually, in which case Mr. Magarrell is ready for you with Hamburger on Toasted Bun with Savory Sauce. Of course, he couldn't offer it to air-line travelers, who are a spoiled lot. Like the smarty, for instance, on a plane we once boarded who said to the stewardess, "Sister, this is my birthday, and I hope you didn't forget to bake me a cake."

"I didn't, sir," she said.

Dishes Aloft Are Fancy

She spoke to the pilot who radioed ahead to the next stop, where they smuggled a cake aboard, with candles and "Happy Birthday to Hank" written in frosting. When the dinner was served, she tipped off the other passengers and, as she came down the aisle with the cake, candles burning, everyone sang, to a blushing passenger named Hank Somebody, "Happy Birthday, Dear Henry, Happy Birthday to You!"

In case you want to try Hamburger on Toasted Bun with Savory Sauce, a Magarrell special, here's how to cook it.

To a pound of freshly ground round steak add one egg, a slice of bread (soaked in water and squeezed), salt and pepper, a tablespoon of finely chopped onion sautéd slightly to remove the raw taste. Mix well, make patties, grill until browned, and serve open-faced on toasted bun doused with savory onion sauce. The sauce? Sauté your chopped onions until brown, dust with flour, brown some more, add chicken broth, a dash of maggi sauce, a little tomato juice, stir until it boils.

A plebeian picnic dish, but one fit for a movie star!

CALOX MOVIE QUIZ . . No. 9

CLUES by Harriet Parsons, Famous Hollywood Columnist

1. Who is one of the most popular Hollywood bachelors?
2. Who starred in "Gunga Din" with Victor McLaglen?
3. Like many other stars, he uses Calox to help keep that "Hollywood Sparkle." Who is he?

(Check your answer below. Star's name is at bottom of page)*

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1 **Jim:** "What's this I hear about one of you girls being promoted up front next week?"
Dot: "Not me. With dull, dingy teeth like mine I haven't a chance."

2 **Jim:** "Be smart, Dot. Try Calox Tooth Powder! Its 5 *Cleansing Agents* do a swell job on surface stains. You can actually see Calox help you win that 'Hollywood Sparkle'!"

3 **Bud:** "Say! The boss' new secretary has a smile that knocks 'em dead! Wonder if she's dated up tonight?"
Jim: "Don't wonder any more, my boy. She is. With *me!*"

*Cary Grant

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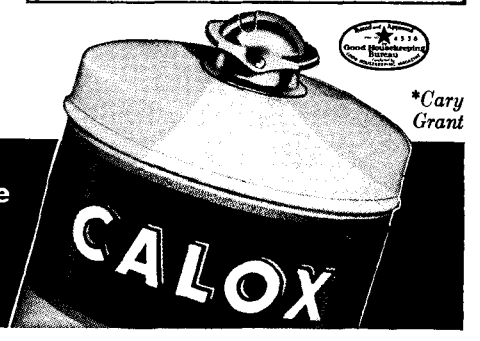

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COLLIER'S WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor • CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor • THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

Lay Off the Italians

EVER since the President accused Mussolini of having stabbed France in the back, feeling has been rising in this country against our approximately 2,000,000 Italian-born people and the larger number of citizens whose parents or grandparents came over here from Italy. You would think from some of the talk in circulation that our Italians were getting ready to carve up our government and hand it to Mussolini on a spaghetti-with-meatballs platter.

The thing is unfortunate and unjustified.

In the first place, with all due respect to the President and all due abhorrence for Mussolini's jackal act as France began to stagger, Mussolini didn't betray anybody. Italy was openly and avowedly allied with Germany for several years preceding this war.

In the second place, it is notorious that Italians in this country are mainly apathetic toward Mussolini or violently opposed to him and the Statist idea which he, Hitler and Stalin represent. Our Italians don't flock home to help Mussolini fight his wars. The Fascist branch organizations that he set up here and elsewhere with so much fanfare soon after his March on Rome rapidly withered to skeleton outfits—even as the German-American Bund began to do after numerous German-Americans' first flush of enthusiasm for Hitler gave way to some sober thinking about Hitler and his way of doing things.

The long and short of it is that Italian-Americans by and large are as good citizens as any other racial group by and large, and better than some. We move that public uneasiness about them now be turned off. If our Italian population were the only menace we had to worry about, we could all live lives 99% free of care.

What Broke France?

WE SUGGEST, in all earnestness, that Congress appoint a commission to study the causes of the downfall of the French third republic. This commission should be composed of historians and professional fact-finders, should contain no politicians or ax-grinders, and should report findings within a reasonable time to the American people.

The main reason why we make this suggestion is that the historic tragedy of France—a tragedy whose repercussions all of us now alive will be witnessing for the rest of our lives—is being used just now by politicians and special pleaders in a manner that strikes us as bordering on the scandalous.

Conservatives of various types are trying to tell us that France fell before Hitler's blitzkriegers and panzer divisions because French working people basely desired shorter work weeks and higher pay, and got both under the Popular Front government of Leon Blum.

Radicals tell us just the opposite—that France didn't go far enough with its New Deal. Both of these groups are trying to prove their own cases in this country by what happened to France, whereas it may easily be that no true economic parallels between the two countries can be traced.

Believers in mechanical warfare, with the human factor largely ignored, keep telling us that the French overthrow means we must shift our factories practically 100% into production of war machines, and waste no worry about where we're to get the men to run the machines. Who really knows how right these people are, or how wrong?

Those who think J. Edgar Hoover and his FBI should be turned into an outfit combining the deadliest features of the OGPU and the Gestapo are telling us that treachery—fifth-column monkey business—was mainly to blame for the Belgians' crackup, the breakthrough on the Meuse near Sedan, the moving out of Allied troops from strongly fortified positions to the open massacre of Flanders.

All this is doing us no good. If we could find out what really cracked France—the various factors in the smashup and the relative importance of those factors—we might pick up some valuable lessons.

We need to know the whole answer. We need all the pointers we can collect on how a democratic nation can survive in the present-day world. A fact-finding commission of qualified investigators, not harried or hurried, could at least silence a lot of nitwits and special pleaders now bedeviling our defense program. It might very easily make heavy contributions of common sense and illumination to that same program.

T.B. is on the Run, but-

HAILED as "the major medical achievement of our generation" is the fact that in the last 20 years the United States tuberculosis death rate has gone down 60 per cent —or, stating it in another way, that T.B. in these 20 years has declined from top place to eighth place in diseases causing death in this country.

The thing has been done by remorseless medical crusading against the disease and its contributing causes, by public education, by generous public expenditures for hospitals, sanatoriums, clinics. However, there are a few remaining soft spots. Largest of these is our colored population of about 14,000,000, among whom for some reason T.B. is still between three and four times as prevalent as among whites. T.B. is likewise an occupational disease in certain hazardous jobs; and the disease has a way of hitting far too many young women of child-bearing age.

We want to urge, along with the National Tuberculosis Association, that the federal government's public health service be given ample funds to carry on the nation-wide war against T.B., to the end that the splendid achievements of the last 20 years may run to their logical and entirely possible conclusion.

That conclusion is expressed in the Tuberculosis Association's slogan: "No tuberculosis (in the U. S.) by 1960." If anybody knows of a better national goal to shoot at, we'd like to hear of it.

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